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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Devereux: a Novel. By the Author of "Pelham," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

To say that novel writing, within the last few years, has changed its very nature, would give but a faint idea of what change has actually taken place. The novel has gone forth like a Roman conqueror, not only adding new regions to its domain, but often incorporating with itself all the better institutes of the newly acquired country: it is the change not so much of alteration, as of acquisition. It is not too much to say, that a novel nowadays is the first-rate test of first-rate talents. We expect to find in its pages the feeling of the poet, the reflection of the philosopher, the observation of the essayist. We expect exquisite description; thoughts that will either come home to every memory from their truth, or flash upon the judgment by their accurate novelty. We look for pathos to touch, and wit to enliven us; in short, our mental progress is the very reverse of the Caliph Vathek's plan;—he built a separate palace for every pleasure, while we would fain crowd all ours into one; and with truer philosophy,—for the pleasures, like the graces, are linked together. Our novels are to the present age, what epic poems, and, we may add, dramas, were to a former;—the animated pictures where we study men and manners, touched with all the truth of the imagination; for imagination is but the power of embodying real and actual events, and its truth of creation is at once its power and its merit. The novel before us is truly a great work,—great as the work of an historian; for Lord Bolingbroke is a fine historical portrait, finished in an historian's noblest and best spirit,—that of doing justice; and great as a philosophical work, if insight into human character, profound reflection, and moral excellence, constitute philosophy. We hold even the interest of the story, the brilliant wit of the dialogues, the living painting of the times, though most attractive accessories, to be still far below the fine and philosophic whole. We shall attempt no analysis of the story. It is a life full of excitement and adventure; but the life not of a hero of romance, but of a real and living being, involved in strange and stirring circumstance. We may truly say we quote at hazard, for scarcely a page could we find that does not shew something of thought, wit, observation, or description, that would give some idea of the varied and extraordinary powers of their writer. How characteristic is the following sketch of a very worthy, if not very first-rate, man! After all, are not our weaknesses the most loveable parts about us?

"My uncle did as his ancestors had done before him; and, cheap as the dignity had grown, went up to court to be knighted by Charles II. He was so delighted with what he saw of the metropolis, that he foreswore all intention of leaving it, took to Sedley and champagne,

flirted with Nell Gwynne, lost double the value of his brother's portion at one sitting to the chivalrous Grammont, wrote a comedy corrected by Etherege, and took a wife recommended by Rochester. The wife brought him a child six months after marriage, and the infant was born on the same day the comedy was acted. Luckily for the honour of the house, my uncle shared the fate of Plimneus, king of Sicily, and all the offspring he ever had (that is to say, the child and the play), 'died as soon as they were born.' My uncle was now only at a loss what to do with his wife, that remaining treasure, whose readiness to oblige him had been so miraculously evinced. She saved him the trouble of long cogitation,—an exercise of intellect to which he was never too ardently inclined. There was a gentleman of the court celebrated for his sedateness and solemnity; my aunt was piqued into emulating Orpheus, and six weeks after her confinement she put this rock into motion,—they eloped. Poor gentleman! it must have been a severe trial of patience to a man never known before to transgress the very slowest of all possible walks, to have had two events of the most rapid nature happen to him in the same week. Scarcely had he recovered the shock of being ran away with by my aunt, before, terminating for ever his vagrancies, he was ran through by my uncle. The wits made an epigram upon the event; and my uncle, who was as bold as a lion at the point of a sword, was, to speak frankly, terribly disconcerted by the point of a jest. He retired to the country in a fit of disgust and gout. Here his own *bon naturel* rose from the layers of art which had long oppressed it, and he solaced himself by righteously governing domains worthy of a prince, for the mortifications he had experienced in the dishonourable career of a courtier. Hitherto I have spoken somewhat slightly of my uncle; and in his dissipation he deserved it, for he was both too honest and too simple to shine in that galaxy of prostituted genius of which Charles II. was the centre. But in retirement he was no longer the same person, and I do not think that the elements of human nature could have furnished forth a more amiable character than Sir William Devereux, presiding at Christmas over the merriment of his great hall. Good old man! his very defects were what we loved best in him; vanity was so mingled with good nature that it became graceful, and we revered one the most, while we most smiled at the other. One peculiarity had he, which the age he had lived in, and his domestic history, rendered natural enough, viz. an exceeding distaste to the matrimonial state: early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages idiotism; and marriage at the best, he was wont to say, with a kindling eye and a heightened colour, marriage at the best—was the devil. Yet it must not be supposed that Sir William Devereux was an ungallant man. On the contrary, never did the *beau sexe* have a humbler or more devoted servant. As nothing in his estimation was

less becoming to a wise man than matrimony, so nothing was more ornamental than flirtation. He had the old man's weakness, garrulity, and he told the wittiest stories in the world, without omitting any thing in them but the point. This omission did not arise from the want either of memory or of humour, but solely from a deficiency in the malice natural to all jesters. He could not persuade his lips to repeat a sarcasm hurting even the dead or the ungrateful; and when he came to the drop of gall which should have given zest to the story, the milk of human kindness broke its barrier despite himself, and washed it away. He was a fine wreck, a little prematurely broken by dissipation, but not perhaps the less interesting on that account; tall, and somewhat of the jovial old English girth, with a face where good nature and good living mingled their smiles and glow. He wore the garb of twenty years back, and was curiously particular in the choice of his silk stockings. Between you and me, he was not a little vain of his leg, and a compliment on that score was always sure of a gracious reception."

The following scene is a good contrast:

"I approached the apartments appropriated to my mother—I knocked at her door; one of her women admitted me. The countess was sitting on a high-backed chair, curiously adorned with tapestry. Her feet, which were remarkable for their beauty, were upon a velvet cushion; three handmaids stood round her, and she herself was busily employed in a piece of delicate embroidery, an art in which she eminently excelled. 'The count—madam!' said the woman who had admitted me, placing a chair beside my mother, and then retiring to join her sister maidens. 'Good day to you, my son,' said the countess, lifting her eyes for a moment, and then dropping them again upon her work. 'I have come to seek you, dearest mother, as I know not if, among the crowd of guests and amusements which surround us, I shall enjoy another opportunity of having a private conversation with you—will it please you to dismiss your women?' My mother again lifted up her eyes—'And why, my son?—surely there can be nothing between us which requires their absence; what is your reason?' 'I leave you to-morrow, madam; is it strange that a son should wish to see his mother alone before his departure?' 'By no means, Morton; but your absence will not be very long, will it?—dear, how unfortunate,—I have dropt a stitch.' 'Forgive my importunity, dear mother—but will you dismiss your attendants?' 'If you wish it, certainly; but I dislike feeling alone, especially in these large rooms; nor do I think our being unattended quite consistent with our rank; however, I never contradict you, my son;' and the countess directed her women to wait in the ante-room. 'Well, Morton, what is your wish?' 'Only to bid you farewell, and to ask if London contains nothing which you will commission me to obtain for you?' The countess again raised her eyes from her work. 'I am

greatly obliged to you, my dear son, this is a very delicate attention on your part. I am informed that stomachers are worn a thought less pointed than they were. I care not, you well know, for such vanities; but respect to the memory of your illustrious father renders me desirous to wear a seemingly appearance to the world, and my women shall give you written instructions thereon to Madame Tourville—she lives in St. James's-street, and is the only person to be employed in these matters. She is a woman who has known misfortune, and appreciates the sorrowful and subdued tastes of those whom an exalted station has not preserved from like afflictions. So, you go to-morrow—will you get me the scissors, they are on the ivory table, yonder.—When do you return? ‘Perhaps never!’ said I, abruptly. ‘Never, Morton! how singular—why?’ ‘I may join the army—and be killed.’ ‘I hope not. Dear, how cold it is—will you shut the window?—pray forgive my troubling you, but you would send away the women. Join the army, you say?—it is a very dangerous profession!—your poor father might be alive now but for having embraced it; nevertheless, in a righteous cause, under the Lord of Hosts, there is great glory to be obtained beneath its banners. Alas, however, for its private evils!—alas, for the orphan and the widow!—You will be sure, my dear son, to give the note to Madame Tourville herself; her assistants have not her knowledge of my misfortunes, nor indeed of my exact proportions; and at my age, and in my desolate state, I would fain be decorous in these things—and that reminds me of dinner. Have you ought else to say, Morton?’ ‘Yes!’ said I, suppressing my emotions—‘yes, mother! do bestow on me one warm wish, one kind word, before we part—see—I kneel for your blessing—will you not give it me?’ ‘Bless you, my child—bless you!—look you now—I have dropt my needle.’ I rose hastily—bowed profoundly—(my mother returned the courtesy with the grace peculiar to herself)—and withdrew. I hurried into the great drawing-room—found Lady Needleham alone—rushed out in despair—encountered the Lady Haselton, and coquetted with her the rest of the evening. Vain hope! to forget one’s real feelings by pretending those one never felt.”

From the many witty and dramatic dialogues we select a single one.

“Boulainvilliers! Comte de St. Saire! What will our great-grandchildren think of that name? Fame is indeed a riddle! At the time I refer to, wit—learning—grace—all things that charm and enlighten—were supposed to centre in one word—*Boulainvilliers!* The good count had many rivals, it is true; but he had that exquisite tact peculiar to his countrymen, of making the very reputations of those rivals contribute to his own. And while he assembled them around him, the lustre of their *bons mots*, though it emanated from themselves, was reflected upon him. It was a pleasant, though not a costly apartment, in which we found our host. The room was sufficiently full of people to allow scope and variety to one group of talkers, without being full enough to permit those little knots and coteries which are the destruction of literary society. An old man of about seventy, of a sharp, shrewd, yet polished and courtly expression of countenance, of a great gaiety of manner, which was now and then rather displeasingly contrasted by an abrupt affectation of dignity, that, however, rarely lasted above a minute, and never withstood the shock of a *bon mot*, was the first

person who accosted us. This old man was the wreck of the once celebrated Anthony Count Hamilton! ‘Well, my lord,’ said he to Bolingbroke, ‘how do you like the weather at Paris?—it is a little better than the merciless air of London—is it not?’ ‘Life!—even in June, one could not go open-breasted in those regions of cold and catarrh—a very great misfortune, let me tell you, my lord, if one’s cambric happened to be of a very delicate and brilliant texture, and one wished to penetrate the inward folds of a lady’s heart, by developing, to the best advantage, the exterior folds that covered his own.’ ‘It is the first time,’ answered Bolingbroke, ‘that I ever heard so accomplished a courtier as Count Hamilton repine, with sincerity, that he could not bare his bosom to inspection.’ ‘Ah!’ cried Boulainvilliers, ‘but vanity makes a man shew much that discretion would conceal.’ ‘*Au diable* with your discretion!’ said Hamilton, ‘tis a vulgar virtue. Vanity is a truly aristocratic quality, and every way fitted to a gentleman. Should I ever have been renowned for my exquisite lace and web-like cambric, if I had not been vain? Never, *mon cher*! I should have gone into a convent and worn sackcloth, and, from Count Antoine, I should have thickened into *Saint Anthony*.’ ‘Nay,’ cried Lord Bolingbroke, ‘there is as much scope for vanity in sackcloth as there is in cambric; for vanity is like the Irish ogling master in the Spectator, and if it teaches the playhouse to ogle by candle-light, it also teaches the church to ogle by day! But, pardon me, Monsieur Chauvieu, how well you look! I see that the myrtle sheds its verdure, not only over your poetry, but the poet. And it is right that, to the modern Anacreon, who has bequeathed to Time a treasure it will never forego, Time itself should be gentle in return.’ ‘Milord,’ answered Chauvieu, an old man who, though considerably past seventy, was animated in appearance and manner, with a vivacity and life that would have done honour to a youth.—‘Milord, it was beautifully said by the Emperor Julian, that Justice retained the Graces in her vestibule. I see, now, that he should have substituted the word *Wisdom* for that of Justice.’ ‘Come,’ cried Anthony Hamilton, ‘this will never do. Compliments are the dullest things imaginable. For God’s sake, let us leave panegyric to blockheads, and say something bitter to one another, or we shall die of ennui.’ ‘*Vous avez raison*,’ said Boulainvilliers:—‘let us pick out some poor devil to begin with. Absent or present? Decide which.’ ‘Oh, absent,’ cried Chauvieu; ‘tis a thousand times more piquant to slander than to rally! Let us commence with his majesty: Count Devereux, have you seen Madame Maintenon and her devout infant since your arrival?’ ‘No!—the priests must be petitioned before the miracle is made public.’ ‘What!’ cried Chauvieu, ‘would you insinuate that his majesty’s piety is really nothing less than a miracle?’ ‘Impossible!’ said Boulainvilliers, gravely; ‘piety is as natural to kings as flattery to their courtiers: are we not told that they are made in God’s own image?’ ‘If that were true,’ said Count Hamilton, somewhat profanely.—‘if that were true, I should no longer deny the impossibility of atheism!’ ‘Fie, Count Hamilton,’ said an old gentleman, in whom I recognised the great Huet, ‘fie—wit should beware how it uses wings—its province is earth, not heaven.’ ‘Nobody can better tell what wit is not, than the learned Abbé Huet!’ answered Hamilton, with a mock air of respect. ‘Psha!’ cried Chauvieu, ‘I thought, when we once gave the rein to satire,

it would carry us *pêle-mêle* against one another. But in order to sweeten that drop of lemon-juice for you, my dear Huet, let me turn to Milord Bolingbroke, and ask him whether England can produce a scholar equal to Peter Huet, who in twenty years wrote notes to sixty-two volumes of Classics,* for the sake of a prince who never read a line in one of them?’ ‘We have some scholars,’ answered Bolingbroke; ‘but we certainly have no Huet. It is strange enough, but learning seems to me like a circle—it grows weaker the more it spreads. We now see many people capable of reading commentaries, but very few, indeed, capable of writing them.’ ‘True,’ answered Huet; and in his reply he introduced the celebrated illustration which is at this day mentioned among his most felicitous *bons mots*. ‘Scholarship, formerly the most difficult and unaided enterprise of Genius, has now been made, by the very toils of the first mariners, but an easy and common-place voyage of leisure. But who would compare the great men, whose very difficulties not only proved their ardour, but brought them the patience and the courage which alone are the parents of a genuine triumph, to the indolent loiterers of the present day, who, having little of difficulty to conquer, have nothing of glory to attain? For my part, there seems to me the same difference between a scholar of our days and one of the past, as there is between Christopher Columbus and the master of a packet-boat from Calais to Dover!’ ‘But,’ cried Anthony Hamilton, taking a pinch of snuff, with the air of a man about to utter a witty thing—‘but what have we—we spirits of the world, not imps of the closet,—and he glanced at Huet—‘to do with scholarship? All the waters of Castaly which we want to pour into our brain are such as will flow the readiest to our tongue.’ ‘In short, then,’ said I, ‘you would assert, that all a friend cares for in one’s head is the quantity of talk in it?’ ‘Precisely, my dear count,’ said Hamilton, seriously; ‘and to that maxim I will add another applicable to the opposite sex. All that a mistress cares for in one’s heart is the quantity of love in it.’ ‘What! are generosity, courage, honour, to go for nothing with our mistress, then?’ cried Chauvieu. ‘No; for she will believe, if you are a passionate lover, that you have all those virtues; and if not, she won’t believe that you have one.’ ‘Ah! it was a pretty court of love in which the friend and biographer of Count Grammont learnt the art!’ said Bolingbroke. ‘We believed so at the time, my lord; but there are as many changes in the fashion of making love as there are in that of making dresses. Honour me, Count Devereux, by using my snuff-box, and then looking at the lid.’ ‘It is the picture of Charles the Second which adorns it—is it not?’ ‘No, Count Devereux, it is the diamonds which adorn it. His majesty’s face I thought very beautiful while he was living; but now, on my conscience, I consider it the ugliest phiz I ever beheld. But I pointed your notice to the picture because we were talking of love; and Old Rowley believed that he could make it better than any one else. All his courtiers had the same opinion of themselves; and I dare say the *beaux garçons* of Queen Anne’s reign would say, that not one of King Charles’s gang knew what love was. Oh! ‘tis a strange circle of revolutions, that love! Like the earth, it always changes, and yet always has the same materials.’ ‘*L’amour—l’amour—toujours l’amour*, with Count Anthony Hamilton!’ said Boulainvilliers. ‘He is always

* “The Delphin Classics.”

on that subject; and, *sacre bleu!* when he was younger, I am told he was like Cacus, the son of Vulcan, and breathed nothing but flames.' 'You flatter me,' said Hamilton. 'Solve me now a knotty riddle, my Lord Bolingbroke. Why does a young man think it the greatest compliment to be thought wise, while an old man thinks it the greatest compliment to be told he has been foolish?' 'Is love foolish, then?' said Lord Bolingbroke. 'Can you doubt it?' answered Hamilton; 'it makes a man think more of another than himself! I know not a greater proof of folly!' 'Ah! *mon aimable ami!*' cried Chaulieu; 'you are the wickedest witty person I know. I cannot help loving your language, while I hate your sentiments.' 'My language is my own—my sentiments are those of all men,' answered Hamilton; 'but are we not, by the by, to have young Arouet here to-night? What a charming person he is!' 'Yes,' said Boulainvilliers. 'He said he should be late; and I expect Fontenelle, too, but he will not come before supper. I found Fontenelle this morning conversing with my cook on the best manner of dressing asparagus. I asked him the other day, what writer, ancient or modern, had ever given him the most sensible pleasure? After a little pause, the excellent old man said, 'Daphnus'—'Daphnus!' repeated I, 'who the devil is he?' 'Why,' answered Fontenelle, with tears of gratitude in his benevolent eyes, 'I had some hypochondriacal ideas that suppers were unwholesome; and Daphnus is an ancient physician who asserts the contrary; and declares—think, my friend, what a charming theory!—that the moon is a great assistant of the digestion!' 'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the Abbé de Chaulieu. 'How like Fontenelle! what an anomalous creature 'tis! He has the most kindness and the least feeling of any man I ever knew. Let Hamilton find a pithier description for him if he can!'

We reserve till our next some further specimens and remarks; including the grand feature of the novel—the character of Lord Bolingbroke; and we hope the author and the public will pardon us for offering so hasty a sketch of a work we have so greatly admired: our excuse is, a hurried reading previous to publication.

The Life of John Locke; with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-place Books. By Lord King. 4to. pp. 407. London, 1829. Colburn.

WHEN we had begun to look for some relaxation from our labours, towards the usual close of the publishing season, we find ourselves (not disagreeably for the *Literary Gazette*, nor, we trust, for its readers) almost overwhelmed with a mass of new and very interesting works. Of these, certainly one of the most important, and one which must ever remain a standard book in English libraries, is Lord King's *Life of John Locke*. With the opinions of the noble author, which we consider the least valuable portion of the volume, we shall have nothing to do: whether his dislike to High Church doctrine, or his general polemical and political sentiments, are right or wrong, we leave it to others to canvass,—for on such points no one can determine; while we thank him with all our hearts for the delightful addition he has here made to the literature of our country.

Where almost every page teems with matter which claims attention or admiration, it is no easy task for a Reviewer to do justice to his original,—and especially in a periodical like ours; so various, and, of course, so limited:

since, in endeavouring to afford a comprehensive view of all that is really worthy of public regard in letters, science, and the arts, so as to guide our contemporaries in their choice and judgment, and serve as a useful index and reference to those who are to succeed us, it will readily be seen that we have it not in our power to dwell at length upon the elucidation of any one subject, however desirous we might be to shine in the character of elaborate critics, rather than in the more humble department of faithful reporters. In this instance, in order to do as much as we can, we shall pass over the biography of Mr. Locke, as well known to the world in its leading circumstances, from his birth in 1632, to his death in 1704, and address ourselves to these papers, so happily preserved by their having gone into the possession of Sir Peter King, the ancestor of Lord King, his near relation and sole executor. "They consist of the originals of many of his printed works, and of some which were never published; of his very extensive correspondence with his friends, both in England and abroad; of a journal which he kept during his travels in France and Holland; of his common-place books; and of many miscellaneous papers; all of which have been preserved in the same scrupulous manner in which they had been deposited by their author, and which was probably removed to Ockham in 1710."

Speaking of the design, Lord K. adds: "It is impossible, after the lapse of one hundred and thirty years, to portray with accuracy those minute features of character which make biography often so interesting when sketched by the hand of contemporaries and friends. The most authentic account of Locke which has hitherto been published, is to be found in the *Bibliothèque Choisie* of 1716, written by Le Clerc, about twelve years after the death of his friend. In the present attempt, the order of events, and in part also the narrative of Le Clerc, has been followed; and I have endeavoured, from the letters and memorials which still remain, to make Mr. Locke, as far as possible, his own biographer. * * * It appears from the character of the hand-writing in Mr. Locke's original sketches, that after having well considered his subject, he was able at once, without the least hesitation, to draw upon his own ample resources, and striking out his work, as it were, at a heat, to write down his thoughts, *currente calamo*, without difficulty, hesitation, or impediment. Perhaps this decision of the author, proceeding from his habit of previous reflection, and from his devotion to the cause of truth, gives to his writings that peculiar spirit which distinguishes them. His works intended for publication, had of course the advantage of revision and correction; but as many of the following were extemporaneous thoughts, committed hastily to paper, and never afterwards corrected, the reader will make allowance for any inaccuracies that he may find in them. Some persons may think that too many, and others that too few of the letters have been published; the great difficulty was to make a selection, and to shew, without fatiguing the reader, the interest which was felt by Mr. Locke on so many different questions, the versatility of his genius, and the variety of his occupations. Of the letters from different correspondents found amongst Mr. Locke's papers, the whole of those from Sir Isaac Newton, and the greater part of those from Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Peterborough, are now printed. Of the remainder, nearly one hundred are from Limborch; perhaps double that number from Monsieur

Toinard, containing the scientific news of Paris from 1679 for several years following; many from Le Clerc; from M. Guenelon, of Amsterdam; from Lord Ashley, afterwards the third Earl of Shaftesbury; from Mr. Tyrrel and Dr. Thomas, Mr. Clark of Chipstead, to whom the *Thoughts on Education* were addressed; and from A. Collins, &c. &c. amounting altogether to some thousands in number. The desire of keeping this publication within reasonable bounds, has prevented the publication of more than a very few of these letters."

Such is the scope of the work before us: of what has been retained, we are ignorant; but we can truly say, that ten times as much as has been permitted to appear, if of any thing like the same quality, would be most acceptable to every reader of taste and intellect. So early as page 3 we have a charming letter—a model of filial affection—from Locke to his father; and to p. 41, where his foreign journal begins, in 1675, there are ample materials for an interesting paper. But we can only select the briefest extracts.

In advising Lord Peterborough respecting the choice of a tutor for his son, Mr. L. says finely and wisely: "I must beg leave to own that I differ a little from your lordship in what you propose; your lordship would have a thorough scholar, and I think it not much matter whether he be any great scholar or no; if he but understand Latin well, and have a general scheme of the sciences, I think that enough; but I would have him well-bred, well-tempered; a man that, having been conversant with the world and amongst men, would have great application in observing the humour and genius of my lord your son; and omit nothing that might help to form his mind, and dispose him to virtue, knowledge, and industry. This I look upon as the great business of a tutor; this is putting life into his pupil, which when he has got, masters of all kinds are easily to be had; for when a young gentleman has got a relish of knowledge, the love and credit of doing well spurs him on; he will, with or without teachers, make great advances in whatever he has a mind to. Mr. Newton learned his mathematics only of himself. * * * With the reading of history, I think the study of morality should be joined; I mean not the ethics of the schools fitted to dispute, but such as Tully in his *Offices*, Puffendorf de *Officio Hominis et Civis*, de *Jure Naturali et Gentium*, and above all, what the New Testament teaches, wherein a man may learn to live, which is the business of ethics, and not how to define and dispute about names of virtues and vices. True politics I look on as a part of moral philosophy, which is nothing but the art of conducting men right in society, and supporting a community amongst its neighbours."

While at Cleve, in 1666 (where he was Secretary to Sir W. Vane, our envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg), we have pleasing specimens of Locke's playfulness and good humour, in letters to a friend (Mr. John Strachy)—they exhibit him in a more amiable and social point of view than any of his correspondence yet published; and we wish we could copy more of them than the following mosaic bits:—

"You must not expect any thing remarkable from me all the following week, for I have spent it in getting a pair of gloves, and think, too, I have had a quick despatch: you will perhaps wonder at it, and think I talk like a traveller; but I will give you the particulars of the business. Three days were spent in

finding out a glove; for though I can walk all the town over in less than an hour, yet their shops are so contrived, as if they were designed to conceal, not expose, their wares; and though you may think it strange, yet, methinks, it is very well done, and 'tis a becoming modesty to conceal that which they have reason enough to be ashamed of. But to proceed: the two next days were spent in drawing them on—the right-hand glove (or, as they call them here, hand shoe), Thursday, and the left hand, Friday; and I'll promise you this was two good days' work, and little enough to bring them to fit my hands and to consent to be fellows, which, after all, they are so far from, that when they are on, I am always afraid my hands should go to cuffs one with another, they so disagree: Saturday we concluded on the price, computed, and changed our money; for it requires a great deal of arithmetic and a great deal of brass to pay twenty-eight stivers and seven doits; but, God be thanked, they are all well fitted with counters for reckoning: for their money is good for nothing else, and I am poor here with my pockets full of it. I wondered at first why the market people brought their wares in little carts, drawn by one horse, till I found it necessary to carry home the price of them; for a horse-load of turnips, would be two horse-load of money. A pair of shoes cannot be got under half a year: I lately saw the cow killed out of whose hide I hope to have my next pair. The first thing after they are married here is to bespeak the child's coat, and truly the bridegroom must be a bungler that gets not the child before the mantle be made; for it is far easier here to have a man made than a suit. To be serious with you, they are the slowest people, and fullest of delays, that ever I have met with, and their money as bad. * * *

"I had formerly seen the size and arms of the duke's guards, but to-day I had a sample of their stomachs (I mean to eat, not to fight; for if they be able to do as much that way too, no question but under their guard the duke is as much in safety as I believe his victuals are in danger). But to make you the better understand my story, and the decorum which made me take notice of it, I must first describe the place to you. The place where the elector commonly eats is a large room, into which you enter at the lower end by an ascent of some few steps; just without this is a lobby: as this evening I was passing through it into the court, I saw a company of soldiers very close together, and a steam rising from the midst of them. I, as strangers used to be, being a little curious, drew near to these men of mettle, where I found three or four earthen fortifications, wherein were intrenched peas-porridge, and stewed turnips or apples, most valiantly stormed by those men of war: they stood just opposite to the duke's table, and within view of it; and had the duke been there at supper, as it was very near his supper-time, I should have thought they had been set there to provoke his appetite by example, and serve as the cocks have done in some countries before battle to fight the soldiers into courage; and certainly these soldiers might eat others into stomachs. Here you might have seen the court and camp drawn near together, there a supper preparing with great ceremony, and just by it a hearty meal made without stool, trencher, table-cloth, or napkins, and, for ought I could see, without beer, bread, or salt; but I stayed not long, for methought 'twas a dangerous place, and so I left them in the engagement. I doubt by that time you come to the end of this course of entertainment, you will be as weary of reading

as I am of writing, and therefore I shall refer you for the rest of my adventures (wherein you are not to expect any great matter) to the next chapter of my history."

It was ten years later, in 1675, that Locke went to reside in France for the benefit of his health, and kept the interesting daily journal from which the following are selections:—

At Lyons "they shewed us, upon the top of the hill, a church, now dedicated to the Virgin, which was formerly a temple of Venus: near it dwelt Thomas Becket, when banished from England. * * *

About half a league from St. Vallier, we saw a house, a little out of the way, where they say Pilate lived in banishment. We met with the owner, who seemed to doubt the truth of the story; but told us there was mosaic work very ancient in one of the floors." At Montpellier "I walked, and found them gathering of olives—a black fruit, the bigness of an acorn, with which the trees were thick hung. All the high-ways are filled with gamblers at mall, so that walkers are in some danger of knocks. * * *

Parasols, a pretty sort of cover for women riding in the sun, made of straw, something like the fashion of tin covers for dishes. * * * Monsieur Renais, a gentleman of the town, in whose house Sir J. Rushworth lay, about four years ago, sacrificed a child to the devil—a child of a servant of his own, upon a design to get the devil to be his friend, and help him to get some money. Several murders committed here since I came, and more attempted; one by a brother on his sister, in the house where I lay." [This species of crime is therefore not so new in France as recent cases have induced the philosophical to imagine.]

"At Toulouse saw the chartreaux, very large and fine; saw the relics at St. Sernin, where they have the greatest store of them that I have met with; besides others, there are six apostles, and the head of the seventh; viz. two Jameses, Philip, Simon, Jude, Barnabas, and the head of Bartholomew. We were told of the wonders these and other relics had done being carried in procession, but more especially the head of St. Edward, one of our Kings of England, which carried in procession, delivered the town from a plague some years since. * * *

"Paris, Dec. 20th.—In the library of the Abbé de St. Germain, M. Covell and I saw two very old manuscripts of the New Testament, the newest of which was, as appeared by the date of it, at least 800 years old, in each of which I John, chap. v. ver. 7, was quite wanting, and the end of the eighth verse ran thus, 'tres unum sunt;' in another old copy the seventh verse was, but with interlining; in another much more modern copy, ver. 7 was also, but differently from the old copy; and in two other old manuscripts, also, ver. 7 was quite out; but as I remember in all of them the end of the eighth verse was 'tres unum sunt.' The story of the nuns of Lodun possessed, was nothing but a contrivance of Cardinal Richelieu to destroy Grandier, a man he suspected to have wrote a book against him, who was condemned for witchcraft in the case, and burnt for it. The scene was managed by the capuchins, and the nuns played their tricks well, but all was a cheat. 23d. At the king's levee, which I saw this morning at St. Germain, there is nothing so remarkable as his great devotion, which is very exemplary; for as soon as ever he is dressed, he goes to his bed-side, where he kneels down to his prayers, several priests kneeling by him, in which posture he continues for a pretty while, not being

disturbed by the noise and buzz of the rest of the chamber, which is full of people standing and talking one to another. The Marquis de Bordage, who married M. Turenne's niece, being at Rome about the year 66 or 67, being at a mass where the Pope was present, and not above a yard or two from him, a very considerable cardinal, who was just by him, asked him just after the elevation: 'Che dice vostra signoria di tutta questa fanfantaria?'"

The next is a remarkable paragraph to contrast with our day:—

"At Paris, the bills of mortality usually amount to 19 or 20,000; and they count in the town about 500,000 souls, 50,000 more than at London, where the bills are less. Quere, whether the Quakers, Anabaptists, and Jews, that die in London, are reckoned in the bills of mortality."

We proceed with some amusing anecdotes:

"They tell here, that the Bishop of Bellay having writ against the Capuchins, and they against him, Cardinal Richelieu undertook their reconciliation, and they both promised peace; but the Capuchins writing again under another name, the bishop replied; so that the cardinal, seeing him some time after, told him, that had he held his peace he would have canonised him. 'That would do well,' replied the bishop, 'for then we should each of us have what we desire; i. e. one should be pope, and the other a saint.' Cardinal Richelieu having given him the Prince of Balzac and the Minister Silhon to read (which he had caused to be writ, one as a character of the king, and the other of himself), demanded one day, before the king, his opinion of them; to which the bishop replied, 'Le Prince n'est pas grande chose, et le Ministre ne vaut rien!' A devout lady being sick, and besieged by the Carmes, made her will, and gave them all: the Bishop of Bellay coming to see her after it was done, asked whether she had made her will; she answered yes, and told him how: he convinced her it was not well, and she desiring to alter it, found a difficulty how to do it, being so beset by the friars. The bishop bid her not trouble herself for it, but presently took order that two notaries, habited as physicians, should come to her, who being by her bed-side, the bishop told the company it was convenient all should withdraw; and so the former will was revoked, and a new one made and put into the bishop's hands. The lady dies, the Carmes produce their will, and for some time the bishop lets them enjoy the pleasure of their inheritance; but at last, taking out the other will, he says to them, 'Mes frères, you are the sons of Elijah, children of the Old Testament, and have no share in the New.' This is that bishop of Bellay who has writ so much against monks and monkery. * * *

"The Mémoires de Sully are full of falsities and self-flattery, so concluded by the company chez Mr. Justel; the same which Mr. Flayseau had before told me; those of the Duc de Guise, a romance; but those of Modena, concerning Naples, good.* I saw the Père Cherubin, the Capuchin so famous for optics, at least the practical part in telescopes, at his convent in the Rue St. Honoré. The Capuchins are the strictest and severest order in

* "During his residence at Paris, Locke made acquaintance with Mr. Justel (whose house was then the resort of the literati of France); and with him he continued to correspond long after his return to England. He also formed an acquaintance with Mr. Guenelon, the celebrated physician of Amsterdam, whose friendship was most useful some years afterwards, during his retreat in Holland. He became also intimately acquainted with Monsieur Toinard, the author of Harmonia Evangelicorum."

France, so that to mortify those of their order, they command them the most unreasonable things, irrational and ridiculous: as to plant cabbage-plants the roots upwards, and then repress them, the planters, because they do not grow. As soon as they find any one to have any inclinations any way, as Pere Cherubin in optics and telescopes, to take from him all that he has done, or may be useful to him in that science, and employ him in something quite contrary; but he has now a particular lock and key to his cell, which the guardian's key opens not. This severity makes them not compassionate one to another, whatever they would be to others. Within this year past, were bills set up about Paris, with a privilege for a receipt to kill lice, whereof the Duke of Bouillon had the monopoly, and the bills were in his name. 'Par permission et privilège du Roy, accordé à perpetuité à Monsieur le Duc de Bouillon, Grand Chambellan de France, par lettres patentes du 17 Sept. 1677, vérifiées en parlement par arrêt du 13 Dec. au dit an, le public sera averti que l'on vend à Paris un petit sachet de la grandeur d'une pièce de quinze sols, pour garantir toute sorte de personnes de la vermine, et en retirer ceux qui en sont incommodés sans mercure. Il est fait défense à toutes personnes de le faire, ni contrefaire, à peine de trois mille livres d'amende.' *Extrait de l'affiche.*"

Having now copied so many characteristic traits in the picture of France, we hope our readers will receive equal amusement from the following directions, which "appear to have been set down for some foreigner about to visit England. They are curious, as affording a comparison with the improvement of the present time. 'England, 1679.—The sports of England, which, perhaps, a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking, and hunting; bowling,—at Marebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling, two or three times a week all the summer; wrestling, in Lincoln's Inne Field every evening all the summer; bear and bull-baiting, and sometime prizes, at the Bear-Garden; shooting in the long-bow and stob-ball, in Tothill Fields; cudgel-playing, in several places in the country; and hurling, in Cornwall. London.—See the East India House, and their magazines; the Custom House; the Thames, by water, from London Bridge to Deptford; and the King's Yard at Deptford; the sawing-windmill; Tradescant's garden and closet; Sir James Morland's closet and water-works; the iron mills at Wandsworth, four miles above London, upon the Thames; or rather those in Sussex; Paradise by Hatton Garden; the glass-house at the Savoy, and at Vauxhall. Eat fish in Fish Street, especially lobsters, Colchester oysters, and a fresh cod's head. The veal and beef are excellent good in London; the mutton better in several counties in England. A venison pasty and a chine of beef are good every where; and so are crammed capons and fat chickens. Railes and heath-polls, ruffs, and reeves, are excellent meat wherever they can be met with. Puddings of several sorts, and creams of several fashions, both excellent; but they are seldom to be found, at least in their perfection, at common eating-houses. Mango and saio are two sorts of sauces brought from the East Indies. Bermuda oranges and potatoes, both exceeding good in their kind. Cheddar and Cheshire cheese. Men excellent in their arts. Mr. Cox, in Long Acre, for all sorts of dioptrical glasses. Mr. Ophele, near the Savoy, for all sorts of machines. Mr. —, for a new invention he has,

and teaches to copy all sorts of pictures, plans, or to take prospects of places. The king's gunsmith, at the Yard by Whitehall. Mr. Not, in the Pall Mall, for binding of books. The Fire-eater. At an ironmonger's, near the May-pole, in the Strand, is to be found a great variety of iron instruments, and utensils of all kinds. At Bristol see the Hot-well; St. George's Cave, where the Bristol diamonds are found; Ratcliff church; and at Kingwood, the coal-pits. Taste there Milford oysters, marrow-puddings, cock-ale, metheglin, white and red muggets, elvers, sherry, sack (which, with sugar, is called Bristol milk), and some other wines, which, perhaps, you will not drink so good at London. At Gloucester observe the whispering place in the cathedral. At Oxford see all the colleges, and their libraries; the schools and public library, and the physic-garden. Buy there knives and gloves, especially white kid-skin; and the cuts of all the colleges graved by Loggins. If you go into the North, see the Peak in Derbyshire, described by Hobbs, in a Latin poem, called 'Mirabilia Pecci.' Home-made drinks of England are beer and ale, strong and small; those of most note, that are to be sold, are Lambeth ale, Margaret ale, and Derby ale; Herefordshire cider, perry, mede. There are also several sorts of compounded ales, as cock-ale, worm-wood-ale, lemon-ale, scurvygrass-ale, college-ale, &c. These are to be had at Hercules Pillars, near the Temple; at the Trumpet, and other houses in Sheer Lane, Bell Alley, and, as I remember, at the English Tavern, near Charing Cross. Foreign drinks to be found in England are all sorts of Spanish, Greek, Italian, Rhenish, and other wines, which are to be got up and down at several taverns. Coffee, thé, and chocolate, at coffee-houses. Mum at the mum houses and other places; and molly, a drink of Barbadoes, by chance at some Barbadoes merchants'. Punch, a compounded drink, on board some West India ships; and Turkish sherbet amongst the merchants. Manufactures of cloth that will keep out rain; flanel, knives, locks and keys; scabbards for swords; several things wrought in steel, as little boxes, heads for canes, boots, riding-whips, Rippon spurs, saddles, &c. At Nottingham dwells a man who makes fans, handbags, necklaces, and other things of glass, drawn out into very small threads."

And here we must, for the present, close; leaving much of what is admirable, both in the miscellaneous style of these quotations, and in far more important things (*ex. gr.*, some remarks on *Study*, on *Error*, &c.) to enrich our columns hereafter.

Macfarlane's Constantinople in 1828.

(Second Notice.)

THE state of the sultan's new troops is a circumstance of so much importance, that we endeavour to place the author's view of it before the public.

"Considering that these troops were, at the time, of little more than a year's standing, they went through their evolutions in good style; they handled their muskets with great activity and tolerable precision; but they had not yet caught the military march-step. The marching, indeed, was the worst part of the exhibition; and its slovenliness is perhaps to be accounted for by the habitual locomotion of the Turks, which is performed by something which I should describe as between a shuffle and a strut, and by their wearing clumsy *papousses*, which fit ill to their feet. The most striking deficiency, of course, was that of non-commis-

sioned officers and subalterns; these being imperfect in their *service*, threw all the work on a few of the superior officers, who were seen running from place to place, performing the duties of drill-sergeants: even the colonel did this, and was seen racing and storming, and using the flat of his sword, until he appeared ready to drop from heat and fatigue. Strange work this for a colonel! but so few were the subjects possessing any previous knowledge of the military art, that they were obliged to submit to it. Another strange sight to see, was, that many of the officers carried thick heavy horse-whips, made of plaited thongs, not merely for ornament, as was demonstrated by their frequent application to the shoulders of the awkward or careless soldiers. This endurance of blows, which the tactics bear with the equanimity of an Austrian recruit, is considered, by those acquainted with the proud and fiery character of the Turkish people, as not one of the least strange workings of the 'new order of things.' The colour of the uniform of the Smyrna corps of regulars is blue; their jackets, like those frequently worn by Italian sailors, are long, and rather more loose than becomes military *ténue*; their trowsers are very wide down to the knee, where they are tied in, thence they fit close to the leg, and descend to the instep; neither stock nor stockings have been introduced, and the want of them, and bare necks and feet, give a dirty, forlorn look to the whole man in the eye of a European. The European military hat, or *shako*, has not been introduced; but the eastern turban has been entirely put aside. They wear red cloth caps (not small, and gracefully clapped on the crown of the head, as with the Albanians, but large), padded, and descending over the whole of the upper part of the head, and reaching the ears: a blue tassel in silk or wool is pendant from the crown, as an ornament. This description will certainly not convey a splendid idea of the uniform of the tactics; but even this, as worn by some of the officers, properly made to fit, and in good materials, with a crescent worked in silver, or in small brilliants (according to their rank), on the breast, with a good cap, and flowing bushy tassel, and a neat pair of morocco leather boots, or at least a pair of stockings in their slippers, does not look amiss. The best part of an officer's equipment is, however, a cloak or mantle, worn occasionally: this is fastened round the neck by a silver clasp, and descends below the knee in loose folds: the colour is a rich Turkish red. It has a graceful and military appearance; and so sensible are the wearers of this, that they can scarcely be induced to resign it by the heat of the dog-days. No people, perhaps, are more attached to dress than the Turks; and had the grand signior's finances permitted, it would have been wise in him to create an affection to his essay (the regular service) by giving them a dashing uniform. The muskets and bayonets of the troops, which were furnished by a house at Marseilles, are of inferior French manufacture, and were not kept remarkably clean. The belts and cartouche boxes were extremely slovenly, and hung too low; a trifling defect to the eye, which they share with the French. The instructors and officers were all Turks. At the commencement, the pasha had a Piedmontese; but he was dissatisfied by his entire ignorance of the Turkish language, without which it was impossible for him to do much; and the soldier of fortune, on his side, thought his services inadequately recompensed, and retired. The colonel and one or two elderly officers had acquired their knowledge during the fatal attempt made

by Sultan Selim to introduce discipline and European tactics. Indeed, it was a few of these men who escaped massacre at the time from the hands of the janissaries, and who were found alive at the suppression of that body, that formed the nucleus of the infant Turkish army of Mahmoud. It was on these men the sultan called, and on them he relied. A very false idea prevails in Europe as to the number of Christians employed in the formation of the new troops, and also as to those actually in Mahmoud's service. The fact is, he never has had more than a few individuals employed merely as instructors, without rank or command in his army, and they had dwindled down to almost nothing before the opening of the Russian campaign of 1828. As the Turks of the *Nizam djedid*, under Sultan Selim, were instructed by French officers, and as the Europeans employed by the present sultan were either French or Italians who had served in Buonaparte's army, the French system of drill and evolution has been naturally adopted for the new troops.

"The countenance and admiration of the fair sex to the new military, and to 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' even though such were but imitations of the faithless Christian, seemed to be pretty generally shared by the young Turks, particularly by those of the city. There were, however, not wanting sneerers and scoffers, and deprecators of the departure from the old and true Osmanli arms and tactics, and the modern and impious adoption of the *unmanly* weapons, and riddling, incomprehensible manoeuvres of the Ghiaours. Such men, indeed, were numerous both at Smyrna and Constantinople, though in the latter city the expression of their contempt and complaints was, for good reasons, much more guarded. Besides the exclusive attachment to what was Mussulman and antiquated—besides their religious fanaticism—a considerable portion of the spirit of janissaryism entered into all this. A grim old Osmanli, from the inland district of Magnesia, a true Turk, who looked upon every change as a crime, happened one morning at the review to enter into conversation with a Levantine gentleman, with whom he was acquainted. 'So these are the new troops,' said he, 'that I have heard so much of; these are the troops that are to defend the Ottoman empire from its enemies! And what, in Allah's name, can the sultan expect to do with these beardless, puny boys, with their little shining muskets? Why, they have not a yataghan among them! What does this mean? It was with the yataghan the Osmanlis conquered these territories and the countries of the Christians; and it is with the yataghan they ought to defend them. The yataghan is the arm of Mahomet and of his people, and not that chibouque-wire I see stuck at the end of their guns. Mashallah! And what sort of a monkey's dress is this? What sort of ugly-faced, shrivelled, puling dogs are these? Why they don't look like Osmanlis! And the land of Mahomet to be defended by such as these!—Bacaloom!' He continued somewhat in this style, blaming all he saw, and breathing his cholera from time to time with a—'If it please Allah! Allah be praised!' 'We shall see!' 'What is written is written!' and other good Turkish orthodox exclamations. Of their deploying, their lines, their squares, and other mathematical figures the *tacticoes* formed in the course of their evolutions, he could make out nothing, except that it all appeared very silly. But when they came to firing; when he saw a regular rolling fire maintained along

the line; the firing in platoons; the means of defence of a solid square;—all which was very tolerably executed,—and other things which his philosophy had not dreamt of,—he was obliged to confess, that it would not be so easy as he had imagined to charge and cut such troops to mince-meat, with the yataghan in hand. Indeed, at length his progress to conversion seemed merely impeded by the conviction that, though clever and effective, this mode of warfare was wicked and unbecoming of the children of Mahomet, being derived from profane, infidel sources. One remark of the prejudiced old man does, however, merit attention, at least in my opinion, as I have frequently made the same myself. The *tacticoes*, in fact, do not look like Turks (generally a fine set of men, physically considered); they are short in stature, clumsily made, by no means robust, and abominably ill-visaged. Only a trifling part of this difference can be accounted for by the change in their dress, the rest must be sought for in other causes, to which the following circumstances may afford some induction. On carrying into execution his long-favoured plan for raising a disciplined army, the grand signior directed the levies to be made among young lads, and principally in districts remote from the great cities of the empire; thus wisely ensuring to himself a superior degree of docility, and running little risk of his conscripts having the dangerous taint of janissaryism among them. The regular service, as may be well imagined, was not much affected; and the better class of Turkish peasants bought off their sons from the officers and local authorities, who, in Turkey, are universally corruptible by bribes, to an extent perhaps unknown in any other country. The weight fell on the most degraded of the peasant caste, and for the most part in poor, mountainous, rude countries. The Turkish people, when they first came in contact with the nations of Europe, were remarkably ugly, and their great improvement has been attributed to the intermarriages, once very frequent, with women of different countries, where the standard of beauty is high. But immense portions of the original race, that remained stationary in remote districts (particularly in the interior of Asia Minor, which has furnished so great a part of the levies), can have had no such opportunities of improvement, and may have retained their original Tartar ugliness. To bid farewell to the *tacticoes* of Smyrna, for the present, I will say, from the experience of several months, that they were remarkably docile, inoffensive, and quiet; and that when the news of the battle of Navarino arrived, and the Christians dreaded some movement of popular fury, they considered their presence a valuable protection."

From these *tacticoes* we leap to those of Constantinople (some 300 pages of the volume before us):—

"I have described a portion of the *tacticoes* at Smyrna in the beginning of this work; and though their brethren of the capital were generally somewhat more advanced, most of my early details may apply to both. The uniform, with a variation of colour* for the jacket, was the same, except a great improvement in the article of *chaussure*, which seemed, however, almost confined to the imperial guards, who wore Christian-like shoes, clasped over the instep with a small buckle, instead of the loose, shuffling papouashes. Stockings, however, were

* "Some wear Turkey red, some blue, some brown; but when I arrived at Constantinople, they had put on their summer dress of white cotton, the regiments being distinguished by the cuffs and collars."

scarce even with them. I have said that the want of stock and stocking, and bare legs and bare necks, give a dirty, forlorn look, to the *tacticoes* in the eyes of a European: and were I inclined to further cavil, I might find fault with their wide, baggy trowsers, which, confined above the knees, hang about the 'nether man' in a loose, slovenly manner, and should seem to impede the freedom of motion. But the Turks have always been attached to an amplitude in that portion of their toilette, and are accustomed to call a shabbily dressed fellow 'tight breeches.' Great reforms cannot be carried at once, and the sultan satisfied himself by curtailing a few feet of the ambitious diameter. The regulars of Smyrna I have described as an ill-looking set of fellows, unlike Turks; and in my third chapter I have attempted to account for the physical inferiority, which struck me equally at Constantinople, except in a portion of the guards that were picked men. A humorous friend of mine would maintain, that the only difference that struck me arose from the change of dress. 'In their eastern and orthodox attire of loose robes and ample turbans,' said he, 'the Osmanlis impose on the eye; but peel them—strip me the monsters to the skin,' like Colman's ghosts, and what are they?—neither more athletic nor better favoured than these poor recruits.' But wit here, as usual, was not argument, and I still maintain that the *tacticoes* are generally 'short in stature, clumsily made, by no means robust, and abominably ill-visaged.' The good-looking Stamboulis certainly were of my opinion, and wondered where the sultan had collected such a set of scare-crows. Such as they are, however, they almost universally possess a valuable quality in a military view, which the rest of the Turks seem deficient in. They are extremely active, and quick in all their movements. I several times saw them perform evolutions with a rapidity that astonished me, even with the *vitesse* in manœuvring of some fine European regiments fresh in my memory. These, it is true, were not done neatly or symmetrically, but the result was obtained,—lines were changed, squares, solid or hollow, formed, and the troops again deployed with celerity; and if their style of step and march would not satisfy the critical eye of an English or a German sergeant-major, there was nothing to be said against the promptness and regularity of their fire. I am speaking, it will be understood, of the troops of the oldest standing, and more especially of the imperial guards. There were, at the time, from two to three thousand men at the capital in this advanced stage; the rest were bad indeed. At the breaking out of the present war with Russia, the total of the grand signior's regular troops was rather below than above thirty thousand, in which must be included all those raised in the Asiatic as well as European provinces; and raw recruits, and half-instructed *tacticoes*, must have formed a considerable portion of this whole. [Our author adduces proofs in support of this calculation.]—A conversation I and my friend D. S. had at Smyrna, with a Russian diplomatist, after the departure of the ambassadors, but previous to the publication of the sultan's *hatti-sherif*, and several months before the Emperor Nicholas's declaration of war, may throw some light on the feelings and real motives which induced the cabinet of St. Petersburg to a fresh attack on Turkey. 'Do you think,' said this gentleman, 'that Russia can stand by as a quiet spectatress, whilst Turkey is thus raising armies on every side?' 'But Russia has no right to interfere with the mili-

tary, any more than with the civil organisation, of a country that owes her no allegiance. The sultan is only replacing with better materials the troops he has suppressed; he is not as yet raising armaments that might awaken the jealousies and apprehensions of his neighbours. 'We will waive the question of abstract right, and look to circumstances as they stand. Russia has grievances of which she may sooner or later be constrained to seek redress from Turkey: now, is it to be expected that she can see with complacency the progress of measures in Turkey that must render the obtaining of that redress more and more difficult? would it be prudent for the emperor to wait, like a hero in the list of chivalry, until the sultan shall have put on all his arms and appointments, and throw the gauntlet in his teeth?' Substituting expediency to right, there was, indeed, nothing to be advanced against the argument, and Nicholas was prudent to seize the moment he did. I return to the tactics. I remarked at Constantinople, as well as at Smyrna, a want of a sufficient number of well-instructed non-commissioned officers and subalterns; a deficiency which threw too much of the business on a few superior officers. This was not so obvious in the guards, but it existed even among them. Another defect, in part consequent on the former, was, that there was not a sufficient gradation of respect and subordination. To the eyes of the troops, the Bimbashi or colonel, with his scarlet cloak and diamond crescent, seemed, indeed, a great personage, and was properly honoured; but the subalterns, dressed little better than themselves, and perhaps, generally, not much superior in condition, education, or manners, were treated with great familiarity. For instance, a fellow in the lines would call or make a sign to his officer, and on his approach, whisper in his ear, or talk and laugh with him aloud; and this I have seen many times during drills. Another fault I could not help observing, was a too general neglect of cleanliness of dress and person. The imperial guards wore, during summer, a uniform composed of strong, coarse, white cotton stuff, which too frequently betrayed the marks of powder and gun-polishing, mixed with the stains of the pillow-kettle and contents. The idleness of the Turks would be delighted with our sensible plan of bronzing muskets, but it has not yet been introduced: theirs appear mostly in a dirty condition."

Here we must stop;—perhaps, in a future No., to admit a miscellaneous notice of the anecdotes, &c. with which Mr. Macfarlane's agreeable volume relieves the tedium of graver discussions.

Travels in North America, in the Years 1827 and 1828. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. 12mo. 3 vols. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

A BOOK replete with sound sense and judicious information; but one to which even long leisure and mature analysis could not enable us to do sufficient justice. Captain Hall investigates, weighs, and discusses the many subjects presented to him so fully, that our remarks and extracts must fail to exhibit any one of them in all its bearings: we must, therefore, after a hasty perusal too, as the work reached us late, and is only published this day—be content with a very imperfect selection of examples—a selection which, we confess, can furnish but a poor idea of the whole work, and merely serve as suggestions of its character and importance to our readers. It will, we are sure, be amply noticed by others, on both sides

of the Atlantic. Our first specimen is towards the conclusion of a striking inquiry into the relative popular feelings of England and America towards each other.

"The artificial structure of society in the two countries is, besides, so dissimilar in nearly all respects, and the consequent difference in the occupations, opinions, and feelings of the two people on almost every subject that can interest either, is so great, and so very striking, even at the first glance, that my surprise is not, why we should have been so much estranged from one another in sentiment and in habits, but how there should still remain—if indeed there do remain—any considerable points of agreement between us. It will place this matter in a pretty strong light to mention, that during more than a year that I was in America—although the conversation very often turned on the politics of Europe for the last thirty years—I never, but in one or two solitary instances, heard a word that implied the smallest degree of sympathy with the exertions which England, single-handed, had so long made to sustain the drooping cause of freedom. It will be obvious, I think, upon a little reflection, how the same causes have not operated in America to keep her so entirely ignorant of England, as we in England are of America. Nearly all that she has of letters, of arts, and of science, has been, and still continues to be, imported from us, with little addition or admixture of a domestic growth or manufacture. Nearly all that she learns of the proceedings of the other parts of the world also comes through the same channel, England—which, therefore, is her chief market for every thing intellectual as well as commercial. Thus, in a variety of ways, a certain amount of acquaintance with what is doing amongst us is transmitted, as a matter of course, across the Atlantic. After all, however, say what they please, it is but a very confused and confined sort of acquaintance which they actually possess of England. There was, indeed, hardly any thing in the whole range of my inquiries in the United States, that proved more different from what I had been led to expect, than this very point. At first I was surprised at the profundity of their ignorance on this subject; though I own it is far short of our ignorance of them. I was also wellnigh provoked at this sometimes, till I recollected that an opinionated confidence in our own views, all the world over, is the most prominent characteristic of error. The Americans, of course, very stoutly, and I am sure with sincerity, assert their claims to infallibility on this point; and accordingly they receive with undisguised incredulity the more correct accounts which a personal familiarity with both countries enables foreigners to furnish. I learnt in time to see that similar causes to those already stated, though different in degree, in addition to many others, were in action in America to render England as ungrateful a topic with them as America is undeniably with us. The nature of the monarchical form of government, with its attendant distinctions in rank, we may suppose is nearly as repugnant to their tastes as democracy is to ours. The eternal recollections, too, of all the past quarrels between us, in which—probably for want of any other history—they indulge not only as an occasional pleasure, but impose upon themselves as a periodical duty, and celebrate, accordingly, with all sorts of national rancour, at a yearly festival, render the Revolutionary war in which they succeeded, nearly

as fertile a source of irritation to them, with reference to poor Old England, though the issue was successful, as its disasters formerly were to us, who failed. But there is this very material, and, I take the liberty of saying, characteristic, difference between the two cases:—we have long ago forgotten and forgiven—out and out—all that has passed, and absolutely think so little about it, that I believe, on my conscience, not one man in a thousand amongst us knows a word of these matters, with which they are apt to imagine us so much occupied. Whereas, in America, as I have said before, the full, true, and particular account of the angry dispute between us—the knowledge of which ought to have been buried long ago—is carefully taught at school, cherished in youth, and afterwards carried, in manhood, into every ramification of public and private life. If I were asked to give my countrymen an example of the extent of the ignorance which prevails in America with respect to England, I might instance the erroneous, but almost universal opinion in that country, that the want of cordiality with which, I grant, the English look upon them, has its source in the old recollections alluded to. And I could never convince them, that such vindictive retrospections, which it is the avowed pride and delight of America to keep alive in their pristine asperity, were entirely foreign to the national character of the English, and inconsistent with that hearty John Bull spirit, which teaches them to forget all about a quarrel, great or small, the moment the fight is over, and they have shaken hands with their enemy in testimony of such compact. At the same time, I cannot, and never did deny, that there existed amongst us a considerable degree of unkindly feeling towards America; but this I contended was ascribable, not by any means to past squabbles, recent or remote, but almost exclusively to causes actually in operation, in their full force, at the present moment, and lying far deeper than the memory of those by-gone wars, the details of which have long been forgotten, even by the few eye-witnesses who remain, and about which the English of the present day are either profoundly ignorant, or—which comes to the same thing—profoundly indifferent. Be the causes, however, what they may, the curious fact of our mutual ignorance is indisputable. At least so it appears to me; and I have good reason to believe, that such is the opinion of almost every foreigner, continental, as well as English, who has visited America. We, however, in England, as I have said before, frankly and fully admit our very small acquaintance with that country; whereas the Americans, probably with as much sincerity, proclaim their perfect acquaintance with England. The conclusion is odd enough: both parties are satisfied—they are convinced that they know all about us; and we are perfectly conscious that we know nothing about them. While, therefore, I may perhaps indulge myself in the expectation of being able to furnish some slight information to people on this side of the water respecting that country, I have had far too much experience of the hopeless nature of the converse of the proposition, to attempt changing the opinions of the Americans as to what is passing in England. On this topic, indeed, to use the words of Burke in speaking of another nation, the inhabitants of the United States are, it is to be feared, pretty nearly—reason-proof."

Our next extracts relate to the press—an object of infinite importance to every nation of the earth:—

"No foreigner, unless he be a resident in the United States, can take out a copyright in America, either openly or by indirect contrivance. An American publisher, therefore, who succeeds in obtaining a copy of a book written in Europe, may reprint and put it into circulation, without sharing the profits with the author, or having any connexion with him at all. Mere extent of sale, it may be observed, is the grand object aimed at by the American republishers; and as nothing secures this but low prices, competition takes the direction of cheapness alone. This circumstance affords a sufficient explanation of the miserable paper, printing, and binding, by which almost all reprinted books in that country are disfigured. It is very true, they serve their purpose; they are read and cast aside, or, if kept for any time, they inevitably go to pieces. Except in the large cities, in the houses of the wealthiest persons, or in public institutions, there is no such a thing to be seen as a library. Undoubtedly, a vehement passion pervades America for reading books of a certain light description; but there does not exist the smallest taste, that I could ever see or hear of, for collecting books, or even for having a few select works stored up for occasional reference. In truth, the rambling disposition of the great mass of the people, their fluctuating occupations and habits of life, even in their most settled state, and various other causes, some domestic, and some political, puts it out of their power to form libraries;—at all events, be the causes what they may, very few individual persons ever seem to think of such a thing—a transient perusal being all that is looked for."

"The sale of a book does not go on from month to month, or from year to year, as with us—the whole being over in a few weeks, or, at the most, months;—consequently, the printer who is most expert, and most ingenious in cheap devices, makes the most profit while the public curiosity is alive."

We copy, as a miscellany, the account of a visit to Franklin's last resting-place, near Philadelphia:—

"On the 12th of December, we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Franklin—dear old Franklin! It consists of a large marble slab, laid flat on the ground, with nothing carved upon it but these words:—

BENJAMIN }
AND } FRANKLIN.
DEBORAH }
1790.

Franklin, it will be recollected, wrote a humorous epitaph for himself; but his good taste and good sense shewed him how unsuitable to his living character it would have been to jest in such a place. After all, his literary works, scientific fame, and his undoubted patriotism, form his best epitaph. Still, it may be thought, he might have been distinguished in his own land by a more honourable resting-place than the obscure corner of an obscure burying-ground, where his bones lie indiscriminately along with those of ordinary mortals; and his tomb, already wellnigh hid in the rubbish, may soon be altogether lost. One little circumstance, however, about this spot is very striking. No regular path has been made to the grave, which lies considerably out of the road; but the frequent trend of visitors having pressed down the rank grass which grows in such places, the way to the tombstone is readily found without any guide."

Our last, for the present week, affords a curious sketch of manners:—

"One day, when walking through the streets of Baltimore, my eye was caught with the following title-page of a book stuck in a shop window:—'The American Chesterfield, or Way to Wealth, Honour, and Distinction, &c. &c., with alterations and additions, suited to the Youth of the United States. By a Member of the Philadelphia Bar.' The work in question I found to contain, besides an abridgement of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, 'a chapter addressed to the Americans.' I should probably not have ventured to touch on these delicate topics, had it not been for this casual opportunity of quoting the words of a witness who must be supposed impartial. 'The foregoing instructions,' says the writer, were originally written for the improvement of a European. The editor of this work takes the liberty of adding a few remarks, addressed particularly to the young gentlemen of the United States. As there is no nation that does not exhibit something peculiar in its manners worthy of commendation, so there is none in which something peculiar cannot be observed that demands reproof. Should an American gentleman, during a visit to Europe, be seen chewing tobacco, it matters not what may be his dress, or his letters of introduction, he will immediately be set down as a low-bred mechanic, or at best, as the master of a merchant vessel. No gentleman in Europe ever smokes, except it be occasionally, by way of frolic; but no person, except one of the very lowest of the working classes, is ever seen to chew. The practice of chewing leads to that most ungentlemanly and abominable habit of spitting upon the floor and into the fire. No floor in the United States, however clean,—no carpet, however beautiful and costly,—no fire-grate, however bright,—not even our places of divine worship, are free from this detestable pollution. A person who is guilty of so unpardonable a violation of decorum and outrage against the decencies of polished life, should be excluded from the parlour, and allowed to approach no nearer than the hall-door steps. When in a house, and a person has occasion to spit, it should be into one's pocket handkerchief, but never upon the floor or into the fire. The meanest and the rudest clown in Europe is never known to be guilty of such an indecorum; and such a thing as a spitting-box is never seen there, except in a common tavern. There is another habit, peculiar to the United States, and from which even some females, who class themselves as ladies, are not entirely free; that of lolling back, balanced, upon the two hind-legs of a chair. Such a breach of good-breeding is never committed in Europe. Lolling is carried even so far in America, that it is not uncommon to see attorneys lay their feet upon the council-table; and the clerks and judges theirs also upon their desks, in open court. But, low-bred and disgusting as is this practice, how much more reprehensible is it in places of a still greater solemnity of character! How must the feelings of a truly religious and devout man be wounded, when he sees the legs extended, in the same indecent posture, in the house of God! Another violation of decorum, confined chiefly to taverns and boarding-houses of an ordinary class, is that of reaching across a table, or across three or four persons sitting next to him, who wishes for some particular dish. This is not only vulgar, but inconvenient. It is a sure sign of having been accustomed to low company, and should be avoided by every one who is ambitious of being thought a gentleman. The nasty practice of carving with one's own knife and fork, and of using one's own knife or spoon when wanting salt or

sugar, does not call less loudly for amendment; but cannot always be dispensed with, unless the mistress of the house will be careful in performing her duty, by seeing that the table is fully provided with such things as a decent table requires." Upon these statements I have only to observe, that while I bear testimony to their too great fidelity, I think it right to state, that I never saw the slightest indecency of the kind above alluded to, or of any other kind, in an American church; on the contrary, there always appeared to me the most remarkable decorum in every place of worship which I entered in that country. Neither did it ever fall in my way to see an American judge in the strange attitude above referred to; but I have seen many a legislator extended in the manner described by the American Chesterfield,—a posture of affairs, by the way, which, by bringing the heels on a level with, or rather higher than, the head, affords not a bad illustration of the principle as well as the practice of democracy."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Beauties of the Modern Dramatists; with Notes. Pp. 174. G. Man.

WE give the editor of this little work great credit for industry; but we must confess, these *Beauties of our Modern Dramatists* do not impress us with any very overpowering admiration. The wit ("we call it so, wanting more fitting term,") is as deficient in antithesis as in point,—at least so it is with the great mass of extracts; and the poetical specimens are, too generally, as commonplace as even the comprehension of the galleries could desire. The Drama has declined: we judge by its "*Beauties!*"

Sermons on Christian Duty. By the Rev. Plumpton Wilson, LL.D. Second edition. pp. 317. Livingtons.

WE do not wonder that these volumes should have reached a second edition; eloquent, luminous, and with a style worthy of subjects of such elevated nature. We most cordially and universally recommend them to our readers: they will be the better for them.

Paleographia Critica, auctore Ulrico Frederico Kopp Hasso Casselano. 4 vol. 4to. Mannheimii, 1829.

OR this great and learned work, we have seen, perhaps, the only copy which has reached this country; and we take the opportunity of mentioning it as an astonishing monument of human labour and erudition. The first and second volumes treat of the ancient Greek and Roman tachygraphy, or "art of swift writing," and are full of extremely curious information, for the use not only of modern short-hand professors, but of all scholars. The third and fourth volumes apply to the difficulty of interpreting such writings, and discuss some of the most mysterious secrets of antiquity—inscriptions, numbers, symbols, &c. &c. The whole is, as we have said, a very extraordinary production, and illustrated by a multitude of figures, engravings, and fac-similes.

The Adventures of a King's Page. By the Author of "Almack's Revisited." 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

WHEN Herbert Milton, afterwards Almack's Revisited, appeared, about the end of 1827, we spoke of its author as a clever observer of the world, and a smart writer. The mystification of that period ascribed the publication to Colonel Leach; but we are now given to understand that the author is a Captain White. With regard to the King's Page, if we could recall all

the preliminary advertisements about it which have graced the newspapers, it would be as curious a story of preparation and expense as ever lavished on any publication; but as we have no vocation for such a tale, we shall merely content ourselves with saying, that the novel is one of those in which many individuals who can be readily recognised are made to figure, and many of the circumstances of the day, reviews, races, &c. &c. are described, so as, with a narrative of hero and heroine adventures, to make a book which may amuse the class of readers who patronise circulating libraries, though of a kind which we, as public and literary critics, never can approve.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 15th.

Marino Faliero is now the piece in vogue; consequently, the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin is crowded to such an excess, that those who trust to chance for places must either stand for hours waiting for the opening of the doors, or take a seat behind a three-row hedge of bonnets and turbans. Fortunately, much Christian forbearance is evinced on all occasions where curiosity is to be gratified; and even being broiled, squeezed, jostled, fried, and steamed, are deemed but small evils in comparison to the pleasures arising from vivid emotions. Rapid sensations are as necessary to Parisian constitutions as the air they breathe; and perhaps no author has better succeeded in electrifying the imagination than M. Casimir de la Vigne in his last dramatic work.—On Saturday I went to see *Marino Faliero*; and though we had paid for box tickets, we were obliged to be satisfied with places in the balcony; where we were so unmercifully wedged together, that not only was it impossible to move heads or limbs, but a very sigh would have deranged the economy of our packing. This tight stowage of human beings did not, however, prevent the box-opener from coming every quarter of an hour to insist on our reducing our size (as though she imagined us of an elastic nature), to admit of her examining between us some slight personage of twenty stone weight;—for whenever a pecuniary advantage is to be attained, impossibilities appear possibilities. I never recollect to have witnessed so much enthusiasm as the public testified during the scene between the *Doge* and *Israel*; even the working classes appeared alive to the flashes of *esprit* with which it abounds. Now and then there were a few reproving voices heard when the senate's dignity was called into question; but the pervading sentiment was that of admiration. Ladies, of course, shed tears—weeping being the peculiar privilege of the tender sex, and one they use largely, to the great inconvenience of their less sensible neighbours: for nothing is more provoking than pocket-handkerchiefs being flourished every now and then before the eyes, or having one's attention interrupted by sobs. M. de la Vigne has received much credit for having, in opposition to Lord Byron, made the *Doge's* wife a victim to love previous to her marriage. It seems a strange contradiction, that to render a heroine interesting, she must be guilty of the only fault for which human charity makes no allowance! The English bard is said to have used, or rather abused, his poetical license in imagining an immaculate woman—such being contrary to nature. There is, however, something novel and pure in the idea of a being rising above earthly passions; and here, at least, Byron shewed his superior

taste: besides, one grows weary of Magdalens, remorse, and repentance;—a virtuous woman, even in ideal life, would create some variety.—The arrival of English actors and actresses is looked forward to with impatience; and the amateurs of Shakespeare and British performances have already purchased tickets. We also expect here a Spanish *troupe* of comedians, as the theatres in Spain are to be closed for six months.

There are few of the new works worthy of notice; memoirs are still the order of the day. *On s'ennuie des rois et de leurs maîtresses*; for, thanks to the revelations of "a lady of quality" and Madame de Barry, we hear of nothing else; and kings are reduced from demigods to less than demi-men. "Monumens des Grands Maitres de St. Jean de Jerusalem," by the Vicomte de Villeneuve-Bargemont, is an extremely interesting work—much superior to the Abbé de Vertot's History of Malta; at least M. de Villeneuve does not exaggerate humanity into divinity, or make his heroes angels. The pamphlet entitled "Le Fils de l'Homme," composed by two liberal poets, was seized some days ago; several copies, however, were saved, and sent into foreign countries, notwithstanding the precautions of an active police.—It is reported that General Clausel is to be chosen Maréchal, in place of the Prince de Hohenloe-Bartenstein.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JULY.

1st day—the sun in apogee, and appearing under its least angle of 31 min. 3 sec.: its daily motion at its minimum of 57' 11" 48. 19th day—enters the constellation Cancer.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
First Quarter in Virgo	8	18	31
Full Moon in Sagittarius	16	9	42
Last Quarter in Aries	23	13	14
New Moon in Cancer	30	5	39

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Gemini	1	4	40
Venus in Gemini	1	16	20
Mars in Gemini	2	0	0
Saturn in Cancer	2	17	7
Jupiter in Scorpio	12	16	45

5th day, 3 hrs. 30 min.—Mercury in inferior conjunction. 16th day—stationary. 26th day—greatest elongation, and visible as a morning star.

1st day—nearly the whole of the disc of Venus is illuminated: the following are its proportions:—

Illuminated part	11-73736
Dark part	0-24264

3d day—Venus in perihelion. 13th day, 19 hrs.—in conjunction with Regulus in Leo. 8th day, 5 hrs.—Mars in conjunction with Venus; 19th day, with Saturn.

29th day—Jupiter stationary. This beautiful planet continues in a very favourable position for observation, and will, during the remainder of the summer, shine the brightest gem on the brow of eve. The northern belt of Jupiter has been very conspicuous the past month.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.
First Satellite, Emersion	12	10	31
Second Satellite, do.	29	8	50
Third Satellite, Emersion	31	9	48
First Satellite, Immersion	3	10	37
Second Satellite, do.	3	13	7

1st day—the following are the proportions of the ring of Saturn:—

Transverse axis	1-000
Conjugate axis	0-956

30th day, 23 hrs. 45 min.—Saturn in conjunction.

27th day—Uranus in opposition, in Capricornus.

From the preceding sketch of the positions of the planets, it appears, that, excepting Jupiter and Uranus, the whole of the system will be nearly in conjunction at the commencement of the month; and if supposed to be seen from a point in the heavens in the direction of the head of Sagittarius, the sun, earth, moon, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, would be in close proximity to each other in the constellation Gemini, and separated about nine degrees from Ceres and Saturn.

Occultation of Aldebaran.—25th day, midnight.—Owing to the position of the moon's nodes, several occultations of this bright star occur in the present year: that in April was not visible; and the one in this month will be over a short time before the moon rises: when above the horizon of the British Isles, the star will be seen close to the dark edge of the moon: the emersion will be visible to all places a few degrees to the east of the first meridian. The following are the times of its occurrence at three principal observatories:—

	Sideral Time.	Mean solar Time.
	H. M.	H. M.
Dorpat	21 36	13 22
	22 29	14 16
Königsberg	21 7	12 54
	21 59	13 46
Vienna	21 35	12 21

The other occultations of this star will occur in August, October, and December; and very interesting problems are proposed to be solved by a special attention to the phenomena,—relative to geographical position and terrestrial compression, but principally to a singular phenomenon which has been observed more frequently in occultations of Aldebaran than of any other star,—that, immediately preceding the immersion or emersion, the star has appeared projected on the disc of the moon, as though it was between it and the earth. A similar appearance was observed in the occultations of Jupiter and his satellites, and of Uranus, in the year 1824, which appeared for a few seconds as if embedded in the limb, and yet separated from it by a fine line of light. An attentive observation of the ensuing occultations will, it is hoped, assist in deciding the question, whether this appearance is to be attributed to a lunar atmosphere, or some hitherto unexplained optical inflection.

Deptford.

J. T. B.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, June 16.—The last meeting for the season took place this evening; Robert Brown, esq. V.P. in the chair. A paper was read on "the anatomical construction of the organs of voice in birds," by Mr. William Yanell, F.L.S. This paper may be considered as supplementary to a former one on the same subject, which has been published in the Society's Transactions. On the present occasion the author described the various muscles attached to the superior and inferior larynx in birds, by the action of which their extraordinary powers are produced. By numerous drawings he exhibited the modifications in the form as well as the number of the muscles which the various orders present. This communication is esteemed a very interesting one by the Society. George Ord, esq. the distinguished naturalist of Philadelphia, was introduced, and took his seat, for the first time, as a fellow. Several excellent works were on the table: amongst them Dr. Richardson's *Fauna Boreali-Americana*; and Baron De Ferussac's *Histoire des Mollusques*, with the *Zoological Atlas* to Rüppell's *Travels*

in Northern Africa, presented by these eminent writers. Adjourned till Tuesday, 3d November.

At the previous meeting, a paper, by the Rev. R. T. Lowe, was read, on the chamaemes coriacea and sempervivum glutinosum, two plants natives of the island of Madeira.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of this Society the Director took the chair. Earl Stanhope presented Titford's *Hortus Botanicus Americanus*; M. J. Le Souef gave Barton's Essay towards a *Materia Medica* of the United States; and Mr. Aiton several valuable plants, amongst which were the camphor, the coffee, tamarind, and mango trees. Mr. Roccaforte, the Mexican minister, was admitted a foreign member; and, in presenting a very valuable work on the plants of Mexico, expressed a hope that the correspondence he maintained with the learned men of his own country, and other parts of South America, would not be unprofitable to the Society. A letter was read, addressed by the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. to the President, directing the attention of the Society to the medicinal properties of marine plants. A paper on the prepared extracts of the hemlock and dandelion, by Joseph Houlton, esq. was also read.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, June 20th.—The following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. A. B. Clough, Fellow and Tutor, Jesus College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. Evans, Jesus College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Olive, Worcester College, Grand Compounder; Rev. G. Heron, Brasenose College; Rev. H. Fowle, University College; Rev. W. M. Ellis, W. Dowdeswell, Christ Church; P. V. Woodhouse, Rev. W. S. Robinson, Rev. G. G. Gardiner, Rev. J. Ley, Rev. H. Willoughby, Exeter College; Rev. R. W. Kemplay, Queen's College; Rev. W. Tahourdin, Fellow, Rev. P. Maurice, Chaplain, New College; Rev. H. W. Hikes, E. Benbow, Pembroke College; Rev. D. Wilson, Wadham College; W. Purton, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—S. H. Whitlock, A. Haddfield, St. Mary Hall; J. F. West, Scholar, H. C. Partridge, Brasenose College; J. S. Williams, W. Williams, Jesus College; S. H. Palairt, Worcester College; E. Fitzgerald, J. Ekims, H. B. Lott, Balliol College; J. Wood, Merton College; E. M. Atkins, Magdalen College; R. Jones, Oades' Exhibitioner, Pembroke College; B. W. R. Boothby, C. Baring, Students, the Earl of Omsory, W. R. Fremantle, Christ Church; W. Syms, Wadham College; H. Wells, Trinity College.

The prizes for the year 1829 have been adjudged to the following gentlemen:

Latin Essay.—Mr. Sewell, Fellow of Exeter College.
English Essay.—Mr. Denison, Fellow of Oriel College.
Latin Verse.—Mr. Wilmot, Scholar of Balliol College.
English Verse.—Mr. Cloughton, Scholar of Trinity College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

JUNE 2d.—Hudson Gurney, Esq. M.P. V.P. in the chair. The secretary read, for the third time, the proposed alterations in the rules of the Society, which, after some discussion, were confirmed by ballot of 21 to 2. The meetings of the Society, in consequence of Whitsun-week, were adjourned to June the 18th. Henry Hallam, Esq. V.P. in the chair. A communication from Sir William Betham (Ulster) was read respecting a bronze hand and arm, bearing inscriptions in the Irish character, which was exhibited to the Society some time since, when considerable interest was excited respecting it. The inscriptions on it had been accurately lithographed by Mr. Crofton Croker, and were circulated among the most distinguished Irish scholars, but they were unable to decipher them; all agreed, however, that the characters were extremely ancient. Sir William conjectures this singular relic to have been an ecclesiastical badge of office used as a mace; and stated, that he had found two similar arms

figured in saltier on a seal dug up at Clonmethan, in the county of Dublin, which proved to be the seal of the pope's legate in Ireland in the 16th century. The conclusion of Mr. Britton's paper upon bells, and some other communications, were also read. The meeting of the Society was then adjourned to November next.

In bringing our report of the session to a close, we cannot help remarking on the benefit which the Society of Antiquaries will, in all probability, receive from the new arrangements adopted by the president and council for a conversazione taking place after the business of the meeting is over. We also feel it just to advert to the handsome present of a tea service made to the Society by Mr. Hudson Gurney, one of the vice-presidents.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 20th.—Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P. in the chair. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Calcutta was introduced, and took his seat for the first time as a member; on which occasion the chairman congratulated the Society on such an accession to their body. Drs. Christie and Kennedy, the Rev. Dr. Mill, principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, and several others, were elected; Professor Charnoy of St. Petersburg, and the Rev. R. J. A. Gonsalves of Macao, were chosen foreign members. A great variety of donations were on the table; amongst them we noticed sundry specimens of the *materia medica* of Java, a copy of the *Grammatica Latina ad usum Sinensium*, Mr. Green's *Nuismatic Atlas of Grecian History*, Burnouf's edition of the text of the *Vendidad Sade* (a work of Zoroaster's), Jomard's *Description de la Ville du Kaire*, and numerous other foreign works of literature. A dissertation on the establishment and present state of the Arabic press, both in the East and West, by F. C. Balfour, Esq. was read.

STATE OF OPINION IN INDIA.

As the Parliament of Great Britain will very soon be called upon to legislate for eighty millions of British subjects in India, it is important that the people of this country should be informed of the opinions and feelings which the natives of that part of the world entertain at present upon the subject of education, and upon that of every branch of science and literature, and every department of the administration of justice and government; and also the great sense of gratitude which they are capable of entertaining for all those who promote their welfare, and improve the state of their government.

Sir Alexander Johnston, as Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature in London, at their last anniversary meeting, in congratulating them on the strong feeling which had recently shewn itself in every part of India in favour of education, science, and literary research, alluded to a variety of interesting documents illustrative of this spirit. Of these we have selected the three following, as coming from different parts of India and different classes of the people: they afford the strongest and most interesting proof of the rapid and general progress of the feeling to which we have alluded. The first is an address presented by the principal native inhabitants of Bombay to the two surviving judges of the King's Supreme Court at that place, on the death of the late Chief-Justice West, who had rendered himself popular with the natives of the country by the manner in which he carried into effect amongst them the provisions of the Act of Parliament of 1826, by which those

rights and privileges of sitting upon juries, which had been introduced amongst the natives of Ceylon with so much success by Sir Alexander Johnston in 1811, were, in consequence of that success, extended to the natives of the continent of India.—The second is a letter from the King of Tanjore to Sir Alexander Johnston, thanking him for a colossal bronze bust of Lord Nelson, executed by the late Hon. Mrs. Damer, which her relative Sir Alexander had sent to the king, with a diploma nominating him the first honorary member of the Royal Asiatic Society.—The third is a letter from Radhakant Deb, a native of high caste and considerable talents, and the native vice-president of the Agricultural Society at Calcutta, to the same distinguished individual, in return for his having proposed him as a corresponding member of the Asiatic Society, in consequence of the ability which he had displayed in some communications made by him to that Society upon subjects of oriental literature and science.

To the Honourable Sir Charles H. Chambers, Knight, &c. and the Honourable Sir John Peter Grant, Knight, &c., Judges of his Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature, Bombay.

My Lords,—We, the undersigned members of the several tribes composing the native community, subject to the jurisdiction of his Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature under the Bombay Presidency, beg leave respectfully to present ourselves before your honourable bench, for the purpose of offering a last mournful tribute of affection to the memory of your late distinguished colleague, our gracious chief-justice, the Honourable Sir Edward West. We are conscious that it is a novelty for the people to come forward to address a bench of English judges on such a subject; it is no less a novelty (actually witnessed by many of us) to be rescued, in the short space of twenty-nine years, since the establishment of a regular court of British law on this island, from the evils of an inefficient and irregular administration of justice which previously existed. Grateful for such advantages, we resort to those means which alone are open to a community constituted like ours, to express publicly our sense of them; and, indeed, we should justly merit the reproach of want of feeling, did we now silently confine within our own breasts, the grief, the unfeigned sorrow, we experience in the event which has deprived us of him at whose hands those advantages have been so largely extended and confirmed to us. In expressing to your lordships our sorrow for the death of Sir Edward West, we seek a balm for our sufferings, and would fain hope thereby to alleviate the distress with which you must contemplate your earthly separation from a colleague so able and indefatigable, so undaunted and upright. The time is past when any commendation of ours, or, indeed, any earthly honours, can be of value to him, whom the joys and sorrows of this world can no longer affect, and who is, therefore, equally removed beyond the reach of human censure and of human applause. But we should deem it an omission of duty, as well as of gratitude, did we not come forward, now that our motives cannot be misconstrued! to mark, in the strongest manner, the deep sense we entertain of his virtuous administration. The spirit of even-handed justice which prompted his decisions; the unconquerable assiduity and unshaken firmness which he evinced in discharging the functions of his high office; the unshrinking zeal which animated him in making salutary reforms;

but, above all, that high principle of independence and integrity which led him to sacrifice so much of his private happiness to the conscientious performance of his public duties:—these, my lords, are the virtues which have grown upon our gratitude, since every day's succeeding experience teaches us to appreciate their value. In briefly noticing the most prominent features in the administration of Sir Edward West, we cannot but dwell with grateful delight on the easy access which that humane and honourable judge at all times afforded to the poor and needy part of our countrymen. That he rendered the administration of law less expensive to the inhabitants of this Presidency, thus throwing open to the poor the avenues of justice, so long barred against them, is not the least solid advantage derived from a career fertile in benefits. But, great and salutary as was this reform, it did not satisfy that glowing spirit of philanthropy, ever thoughtful to devise, and active to execute, what might lessen the distresses, or increase the happiness, of his fellow-creatures. Scrupulous in the discharge of his high functions as a judge, which alone seemed labour too great even for his energetic mind, he found leisure, and had the condescension, to become himself the advocate of the indigent. But amongst the many great favours received at the hands of Sir Edward West, that for which we would chiefly record our gratitude, is the manner in which, jointly with your lordships, he carried into execution the recent provision of the British legislature for admitting the natives of this country to sit on juries. The wise and conciliatory method he took to give effect to the wishes of Parliament, the condescension with which he conferred with every class of the native community, the prudent deference he paid to all their national and religious feelings, the zeal with which he laboured to overcome innumerable difficulties arising out of the multifarious constitution of our body, and the solicitude he displayed to set the intention of the enactment in its true light,—are fresh in the recollection of us all. To these exertions it is owing that the natives of Bombay are now in the enjoyment of one of the greatest privileges of freemen. A knowledge of the virtuous and enlightened character of the late Chief-Justice cannot fail to have prevailed throughout a large portion of our countrymen in India; but it has only been permitted to the inhabitants of this island to enjoy the immediate fruits of his distinguished judicial administration. However imperfect, therefore, any further addition may prove to this record of our deep sorrow for his demise, and respect for his memory, we beg to announce that we have raised a sum of money which it is designed to make over to the Native Education Society, to be vested by them in government securities, for the endowment of one or more scholarships, and the distribution of one or more annual prizes, according to the amount of interest realised from the total fund, to be denominated 'Chief-Justice West's Scholarships and Prizes.' Engaged as the late judge was himself so earnestly in improving the condition of the natives, we humbly hope that we have devised the most durable and appropriate method of perpetuating the grateful recollection of him among them, and training up our children to the proper discharge of those public duties to which he first showed them the way. With a firm reliance on the continued favour and kindness of your lordships, we are, with the greatest respect, my lords, your lordships' most obedient and most humble ser-

vants. (Signed by about 140 of the principal Hindoos, Parsees, Mohammedan merchants, and inhabitants.)

Bombay, 1st October, 1828.

To the Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, &c. &c. his Highness Chatterputry Rajesstry Maharajah Sirfojee Rajah Sahab presents his compliments.

SIR,—The letter which you did me the favour to write to me, together with the bust of the late Admiral Lord Nelson, and the diploma appointing me the first honorary member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain, reached Tanjore in safety some time ago, and were delivered to me by the resident. I must beg that the delay which has occurred in acknowledging their arrival, may not be considered as any proof that I am indifferent about such flattering marks of distinction; on the contrary, I request that you will assure both the Royal Asiatic Society and the Hon. Mrs. Damer that I fully appreciate the compliment which they have respectively been pleased to pay to me. I wish I could persuade myself that these compliments were well-merited; but I am sensible that I am indebted for them to the partiality of your representations. It is true, indeed, that I have always taken great pleasure in endeavouring, by the establishment of free schools and every other means in my power, to promote among my people the general diffusion of useful knowledge, and the study of such arts and sciences as I thought might be conducive to their temporal advantage or moral improvement; but it would be wrong to say that from what little has been done much good has already resulted. The character and manners of every people are necessarily in some degree modified by circumstances, which, though certain in their result, are more or less slow in operation. In the present state of India, while knowledge is unprofitable, few can afford to become wise, or to devote themselves, whatever predilections may exist, to any particular study or pursuit which does not hold out a fair prospect of a livelihood; but the British nation must ere now have seen enough of their Asiatic subjects to know that they are naturally clear-sighted to their own interests, and keen and persevering in the pursuit of them: they will therefore very readily cultivate such talents as are likely to find profitable and honourable employment, and better their actual condition in life as well as enlighten their understandings. For a long time to come these two objects must of necessity go hand in hand; but concluding that a liberal and enlightened government, anxious for the happiness and prosperity of its subjects, will not be sparing in the requisite incentives to laudable ambition and honourable exertion, I hope it will be found that the moral and political improvement of the people, the development of useful talents and good qualities, and their progress in literature, science, and the arts, will keep pace with the encouragement held out to them, and the confidence bestowed upon them by those rulers in whose hands Providence has placed their destiny. I must again repeat my acknowledgments to your relation the Hon. Mrs. Damer, who at so much personal trouble has sent me a very beautiful specimen of an elegant art: and I beg you will do me the favour to assure the Royal Asiatic Society that I trust their labours may tend to make Europeans and Asiatics better acquainted with each other, and be rewarded with all the other benefits and advantages contemplated by

its illustrious and enlightened founders. What can I say more?

(Signed) SREE RAM PRETAUF.*

Tanjore, October 11, 1828.

To Sir Alexander Johnston, Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c. &c.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 4th July, 1828, and beg to express my deep sense of obligation for your kind attention to my communication of the 20th May, 1827, returning you at the same time my sincere thanks for the honour which the Royal Asiatic Society, in compliance with your proposal, was pleased to confer on me, by electing me a corresponding member, and transmitting me a copy of their Transactions. I had the pleasure of replying to their corresponding secretary's letter a short time ago, and of forwarding to him, by the ship Lord Amherst, the second volume of the Sanscrit Dictionary, of which the first volume was before sent for the Society's kind acceptance. It is highly gratifying to me, indeed, that you entertain so good an opinion of the talents of the inhabitants of Asia, as to be anxious to promote their literary attainment, and thus advance their happiness as well as the improvement of their country. Although the encomium you have deigned to bestow on me is perfectly undeserved by any merit in me, yet I feel infinitely obliged for your kindness in forwarding to the governor-general of India a copy of the Society's resolution, in order that his lordship may, as would seem best, encourage my literary pursuits. I have collected some interesting matters to submit to your valuable Society, amongst which, I have been translating into English a small Persian work on horticulture, which I will do myself the honour of sending you as soon as finished.—I have the honour to be, sir, &c.

RADHAKANT DEB.

Calcutta, January 12, 1829.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Seventh Notice.)

MINIATURES.

It is no small disadvantage to these gems of art, that they come clustering upon the sight in almost unavoidable confusion. They exhibit, however, an ample show of talent; although we must confine ourselves to the general statement, that among the most attractive are those from the pencils of Mr. A. E. Chalon, Mr. S. J. Rochard, Mr. A. Robertson, Mr. W. J. Newton, Mrs. J. Robertson, Mrs. Green, Miss Madeline Ross, Mr. W. C. Ross, Mr. M. Haughton, Mr. W. Hudson, Mr. C. R. Bone, Miss E. Jones, Miss Heaphy, Mr. Harding, &c.—On coming to 736, *Portrait of the late William Corder, Esq. painted from recollection, from a pencil outline, J. M. Davis*, we looked, paused, reconsulted our catalogue, looked again, rubbed our eyes, applied our glass, and softly repeated "William Corder! No, it is impossible. Esquire: if so, there's an end of the squirarchy; for who would be an esquire after this?" We were proceeding to give line to our thoughts, on which to hang a notice, when caution whispered "It may not be; and, as the old tombstone has it, 'Silence is wisdom!'"

SCULPTURE.

There is little in the sculpture of this year's exhibition to mark the present as an era of

* This signature marks the Maharratta family of the celebrated Sevajee, from whom the Rajah is descended.—*Ed. L.G.*

general improvement in this department of the fine arts, or greatly to distinguish individual excellence. Still there is enough to excite attention, and to shew, that, if works of imagination, and forms of grace and beauty, do not abound, as on former occasions, when the "Lord's Prayer" of Flaxman, the "Children" of Chantrey, the "Eve" of Baily, and the "Psyche" of Westmacott, adorned the sculpture-room of the Royal Academy; there is yet talent enough to fulfil the promise of national reputation which those and similar works held out, whenever it may please the public to elicit it.

No. 1198. *Statue of Sir Edward Hyde East, Bart. to be erected in the Court House, Calcutta.* F. Chantrey, R.A. — This statue is in the same character of chaste simplicity which first brought Mr. Chantrey's great powers into notice, and which, with the admirable truth of his busts, has established his reputation at an elevation far beyond that to which it seems probable that any efforts of his chisel in the classic of art would have raised him. In the latter part of this observation we allude to his basso relievos; No. 1217, *The Parting of Hector and Andromache*, and No. 1218, *Penelope with the Bow of Ulysses*.

No. 1196. *A Brahmin*; No. 1201. *A Mussulman Moulah*; — *Statues in marble: being parts of a monument to the Right Hon. Warren Hastings, proposed to be erected at Calcutta.* R. Westmacott, R.A. — These two fine statues come in excellent contrast to each other; although it is impossible fully to appreciate their merits; as much must depend upon their relative situation in the monument to which they are to belong. In such a case as this, we think it would always be advantageous to the artist, if a drawing of the whole composition accompanied the separate parts.

No. 1199. *Cupid, a statue in marble.* J. Gibson. — This youthful figure is evidently formed on the model of the antique, and is full of beauty and elegance.

No. 1197. *Marble Statue of the late Dean of St. Asaph.* J. Ternoouth. — It is for the benefit of the living that the memory of departed excellence is thus perpetuated; but subjects of this nature do not task the imagination of the artist: all that they require is truth in the resemblance, and a certain quiet dignity in the disposition of the figure. In both these respects Mr. Ternoouth has been eminently successful.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

England and Wales. From Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. With descriptive and historic illustrations, by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. No. 6. Jennings.

THIS work may be considered, with reference to English landscape, as on a par with Mr. Lodge's elegant publication with reference to English portrait. The Views in the present No. are, "Malmesbury Abbey," "Kilgarren Castle, Pembroke," "Exeter," and "Richmond, Yorkshire." They are all beautiful; the View of Kilgarren, especially, is singularly powerful and picturesque.

A Turk, Plate 13, and Portraits of the Lady Caroline Lascelles, the Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, and the Countess Gower, Plate 14, of Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.

THE first is a picturesque little fragment of poor Bonington, whose loss to the arts of this country can never be sufficiently lamented; the second is a combination of three tasteful

sketches, *en profile*, by J. Jackson, Esq., R.A. We doubt if the subject of the first of these interesting plates ever had in his harem three such lovely women as the subjects of the last of them.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MATRIMONIAL WISHES.

(Anecdote verified.)

A HAPPY pair, in smart array,
By holy church united,
From London town, in open shay,
Set off, by love incited.

The day was dull as dull could be,
So (dreaming of no pun)
Quoth John, "I hope, my dear, that we
May have a little sun."

To which his bride, with simple heart,
Replied ('twas nature taught her),
"Well! — I confess — for my own part,
I'd rather have a daughter!"

HYMEN.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON the night of our last publication, Rossini's opera of *Tancredi* was performed at this theatre. Of Madame Malibran's personification of the juvenile hero, we are sorry that we cannot speak altogether in favourable terms. With the exception of that most beautiful and effective duet of "Lasciami, non t'ascolto," in the second act, and in which Sontag takes an equal part, the performance of Malibran was more characterised for vocal flourishing and histrionic gesticulation, than for appropriate feeling and pathos. From the extravagant tumblings, ground and lofty, of Madame M., in the vocal execution of Rossini's beautiful cavatina of "Di tanti palpiti," we could hardly recognise the original melody of that exquisite air. The music of Rossini is already sufficiently embroidered, and does not require any tasteless tinsel, or gingerbread gaudery, to add to its original garb. How different in this particular is Pasta! Pasta rather diminishes than adds to the numberless notes of this popular composer: aught of alteration she makes in the text of her author is always for the better. With Malibran it is quite the reverse. This proceeds, in a great measure, from an ambitious desire in the latter to display the extraordinary compass of her voice. But Madame M. should bear in recollection, that though she possesses a voice of great extent, and in which, by the by, there are two distinct registers, yet it is not, by nature, sufficiently flexible to give full effect to *execrational* passages, — and this is principally the cause why she so frequently fails in her wandering flights.

On Monday night a variety of dramatic sketches were given on these boards; as much (with the exception of one, Mr. Begrez) for the benefit of the different performers' fame as for the benefit of Mr. Bochsa's pocket. The novelty of the night was *Aëis and Galatea*. Braham personated the Sicilian shepherd, and acquitted himself to the universal satisfaction of his crowded auditory: — never was he in higher song. The part of *Galatea* was sustained by Miss Paton; and into abler hands it could not possibly have fallen. But another chief attraction of the piece was Zuchelli, in the character of the celebrated Cyclops. We have heard Bartleman in his best day; but even the performance of that gifted vocalist must sink in recollection, after the extraordinary effect produced by Zuchelli in the part of *Polyphemus*.

The succeeding performance was that of the tomb scene in *Romeo e Giulietta*. Malibran personated the distracted lover. Her performance of this character — (and, after our previous remarks, we should be doing her injustice not to record it) — approximated nearer to perfection than that of any other character in which she has as yet appeared. In her recitative she displayed her beautiful rich contralto tones to the greatest advantage; all unmeaning embellishment was abandoned, — and had she not, in Pasta's celebrated song of "Ombra odorata aspetta," indulged in her wonted predilection for flights of fancy, her *Romeo* had been faultless. In *Giulietta*, Sontag had but little to do; she was a "sleeping partner," until she rose from the silent tomb — and was roused to excited action by the appalling intimation of *Romeo's* unfortunate fate. Here Sontag played admirably up to Malibran. The whole of this scene excited intense interest. The dying moments of Malibran, and her final drop, were given quite *à-la* Kean. The ladies in the boxes, who were not prepared to witness a female fall flat upon her face, were quite electrified. The curtain dropped behind the departed lovers; and both bodies lay prostrated for some seconds on the boards, until removed by the stage servants. This, however, added considerably to the dramatic effect; and the illusion had been complete, but for the busy interference of the *resurrection men*, who now practise their calling within the walls of this theatre. We must not, though late, omit to mention the admirable acting and singing of Blais in *La Vestale*. We conclude by seriously advising Mr. Begrez never again to meddle with the music of Handel.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

DRURY LANE closed last Saturday, and Covent Garden last Thursday. The season, we regret to say, has been far from profitable. Each theatre has had its flashes of good fortune; but they have been but flashes, like the lightning's, which are gone.

"Ere one can say 'it lightens.'"

Want of novelty cannot have been the cause, for there have been twenty-seven new pieces produced between them, — sixteen at Drury Lane, and eleven at Covent Garden; — nor want of success, as *Rienzi*, *Charles XIIth*, *Massaniello*, the *Maid of Judah*, and *Home, sweet Home* — to say nothing of pantomimes and Easter-pieces — have all for a term brought large sums of money. That these establishments should suffer, in common with all others, from the peculiar pressure of the times, is to be expected; yet as, despite the want of money so generally complained of, the best pieces produced this season have really brought it in shoals, we have a right to place the heavy loss to the account of circumstances unconnected with the public. Law has pounced upon Covent Garden; and the poor theatre quivers in its clutch like a sparrow in the talons of a hawk. The star system — the next most fatal misfortune on the theatrical list — has shed its baneful influence upon Drury Lane. Did the management put up the *Provoked Husband*, or the *Jealous Wife*, with *Love in Wrinkles*, or *Massaniello* — away went from sixty to eighty pounds between three performers, before the regular nightly expenses could be thought of. Place only twenty or thirty such evenings at the back of a rent of 12,000*l.*, and let our readers say if the lessee or proprietor of a theatre royal has not some reason to shudder at a bad box-book, or a pit you may count the heads in.

The strength of Drury Lane has this season lain in its new pieces. The tragedy of *Rienzi*, — the dramas of *Charles XII.*, the *Youthful Queen*, and the *Partisans*, — the farce of *My Wife! what Wife?* and the operas of *Massaniello* and *Love in Wrinkles*, rank justly high amongst modern dramatic productions, either for their intrinsic merit as compositions, or for the effect of their situations and music. Covent Garden has existed principally upon revivals, and the popularity of Mr. Kean, Miss Paton, and Madame Vestris. Out of the eleven new pieces produced upon its stage, only one (*Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience*), has had any pretension to language or character as a drama; and but two (the *Maid of Judah*, and *Home, sweet Home*), have, by their music and decorations, merited the approbation of the press and the public. We have excepted the pantomimes and Easter-pieces at both houses — those necessary gew-gaws having, like *Tom Thumb*, done their duty, and done no more. We shall conclude this brief sketch of the winter campaign with our usual list of the killed and wounded on both sides.

Drury Lane: Season, 1828-29.

Oct. 9.	<i>Rienzi</i> , Tragedy	Miss Mitford.
24.	<i>Youthful Queen</i> , Drama	Shannon.
Nov. 11.	<i>Rhyme and Reason</i> , Farce. (5 nights)	Lunn.
22.	<i>The Beggar's Daughter</i> , Comedy. (Withdrawn)	Knottel.
Dec. 4.	<i>Love in Wrinkles</i> , Opera	Lacy.
11.	<i>Charles XII.</i> , Drama	Planché.
26.	<i>Queen Bee</i> , Pantomime	Burroughs.
Jan. 13.	<i>Caswallon</i> , Tragedy	Walker.
Feb. 12.	<i>Master's Rival</i> , Farce. (4 nights)	Penke.
21.	<i>Peter the Great</i> , Drama. (6 nights)	Kenney.
Mar. 10.	<i>The Casket</i> , Opera. (2 nights)	Lacy.
21.	<i>All at Sixes and Sevens</i> , Farce. (Withdrawn)	C. Dibdin.
April 2.	<i>My Wife! What Wife?</i> Farce	Poole.
20.	<i>Thierpa-Na-Oge</i> , Easter-Piece	Planché.
May 4.	<i>Massaniello</i> , Opera	Kenney.
21.	<i>The Partisans</i> , Historical Play	Planché.

To which may be added four new Divertissements.

Covent Garden: Season, 1828-29.

Nov. 5.	<i>The Soldier's Stratagems</i> , Comedy. (2 nights)	Lacy.
Dec. 5.	<i>Sublime and Beautiful</i> , Farce—altered from the Sultan by	Morton.
17.	<i>Woman's Love</i> , Play. (3 nights)	
26.	<i>Harlequin and Red Riding-Hood</i> , Pantomime	Farley.
Jan. 15.	<i>Nymph of the Grotto</i> , Opera	Diamond.
Feb. 3.	<i>Widows Bewitched</i> , Comedy. (4 nights)	Lunn.
5.	<i>Yelva</i> , Melodrame. (2 nights)	Bishop.
23.	<i>Battle of Pultowa</i> , Melodrame	Raymond.
Mar. 7.	<i>Maid of Judah</i> , Opera	Lacy.
19.	<i>Home, sweet Home</i> , Musical Drama	Pocock.
April 20.	<i>Devil's Elixir</i> , Easter-Piece	Ball.

To which may be added, two new Divertissements, and the farce of *Master's Rival*, successfully transplanted from Drury Lane.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. POOLE's pleasant little comedy is established in public favour, and, in the hands of two or three clever performers, stands admirably out from the rest of the entertainments, which, with few exceptions, have scarcely deserved that name. We regret to be so often obliged to tell the manager of this theatre, that operas are out of place at it, even had they a company capable of supporting them decently. As it is, without even a second-rate singer attached to it, the murdering of Mozart and Rossini, Boieldieu and Bishop, passes all endurance, and we are bound to enter our critical protest against it. When Miss Paton and Madame Vestris were members of the company, there were reasons for introducing some music in the light and lively pieces written to display their peculiar talents; though even then they bore the burden alone, having neither tenor, bass, chorus, or orchestra, fit to support them. But with them the spirit of song departed, which, by the way,

never had any business there, but was merely an agreeable intruder for the time being. Besides this, operas were not then performed during the summer in the capital way they now are at the Lyceum. Times have changed, and it seems downright folly for the Haymarket to volunteer a nightly display of its deficiencies, and provoke the most mortifying comparisons, when it is in its power to defy competition in its own legitimate, and we may say unique, style of performances. We have another complaint to make of the management of this theatre:—the unexampled lateness of the hour at which its entertainments conclude. The curtain frequently rises for the last piece after midnight; and the other evening, *The Heir at Law*, a long five-act comedy, commenced after two other dramas, at nearly eleven o'clock. We are convinced this cannot be good policy. Both actors and audience are tired to death, and the *répertoire* of the theatre is unnecessarily exhausted and deteriorated. We have no doubt we shall be set down amongst the list of "d-d good-natured friends" for volunteering this advice and remonstrance; but we shall, notwithstanding, persevere in pointing out such reforms as we sincerely think will ultimately benefit all parties. Of the new performers, Miss Melton and Mr. Western appear to have most claim on our approbation: but we repeat, operas are so foreign to the soil of the Haymarket, that it is unfair to criticise singers so situated. No music, earlier hours, and better scenery,—and the Haymarket would be the pleasantest theatre in London.

VARIETIES.

Gas-Lighting in Egypt.—The Viceroy of Egypt is about to make an arrangement with an English company for lighting Cairo and Alexandria. He has already made an experiment at a palace of his own near Cairo, and is said to have been much delighted with the effect produced.

Climbing-Boys.—A philanthropic society has just been formed at Paris, for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the numbers of children formerly seen in the streets, who gained but a scanty subsistence by sweeping chimneys. The plan of the society is, to get together a number of these young chimney-sweepers, and to put the amount of their labour into one common purse, in order to provide them lodging, clothing, religious instruction, and education; and even, if possible, to procure for them another trade, and to send them back to their parents. This society seems to be highly deserving of the public patronage, as it supports itself without soliciting charitable contributions. A regular table of prices has been made out, so that no inconvenience can arise in this respect. The charge for sweeping a first-floor chimney is about three-pence; and the scale rises at the rate of about a halfpenny more for each floor. About eight-pence is charged for sweeping a kitchen chimney; and persons who like to subscribe, may have their chimneys swept about five-and-twenty per cent cheaper.

Lusus Nature.—At one of the recent meetings of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire presented a drawing of a living girl having two heads and two busts. She was born at Sassari in Sardinia, in March last, and is now exhibiting at Turin, from whence she will be brought if possible to Paris. This extraordinary production of nature was baptized by two names, Ritta and Christina. Her size at the time of the birth was that of a

fully-formed infant: Ritta, it is stated, appears to suffer; but Christina has good health. The description of this double child, which was necessarily imperfect, from the want of good information to M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire, led to a long conversation, in which three or four instances of living children with two heads and bodies were mentioned. Among others alluded to, was that of the twin female in England; and another of an individual with two heads, who lived twenty-eight years.

Liberia.—The new establishment of Millsburg, in the American colony of Liberia, in Africa, is in the most flourishing state. Every colonist has a fine farm, well stocked, and the building of the houses is almost finished. It is the same with the two other establishments of Caldwell and Halfway Farms. The missionaries, who had all been ill, are out of danger. They are also about to build at Millsburg a sufficient number of houses to receive a reinforcement of between a hundred and fifty and two hundred additional emigrants.

Civilisation of Africa.—One of the chiefs of the town of Usu, near the Danish fortress of Christianbourg, on the coast of Guinea, sent, in the year 1826, into Denmark his son, Noldavanna, sixteen years of age, to receive a European education. The king especially intrusted M. d'Abrahamson, his aide-de-camp, with the charge of this youth, who had masters of every description. After having accepted with pleasure the religious instruction offered him, he consented, with lively demonstrations of gratitude, to be baptized. The king was his godfather. In August, 1828, Frederick Davanna returned to his country, accompanied by four young priests, to whom had previously been communicated all the information and materials necessary for the purpose of diffusing religious and other knowledge by the means of mutual instruction.

Hint for a little Drama.—Near Fort Hardy, in North America, celebrated for being the place at which General Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates, is the following simple inscription, cut in the bark of a yellow pine—"Jane M'Crea, 1777." This young American female, at the moment at which she was about to be married to an officer of General Burgoyne's army, saw her lover compelled to depart, in the conduct of the troops whom he commanded, on their retreat before the American army. Retained by his duty, the young soldier sent for his bride an escort of Indians, who followed the English as auxiliaries. Animated by joy and hope, Miss M'Crea accompanied them without distrust. They massacred her; and when her lover hastened to meet her, an Indian presented him with her bleeding scalp!—*Milbert's Itinéraire Pittoresque du Fleuve Hudson, &c.*

The Heart.—M. Martini, Professor of Physiology at Turin, has published a curious and interesting work on the heart, its passions, and feelings. M. Martini does not agree with those physiologists who, like Bichat, refer them all to organic life; or, like Cabanis, impute them to the state of various viscera; or, like Gall and Spurzheim, fix their seat in the cerebral organs. He thinks they depend on the general organisation, influenced by climate, temperament, constitution, age, sex, imagination, education, health, and a thousand other physical and moral causes; and he allows to particular organs only an operation, more or less direct, on their development and modification. Self-love, the primordial instinct from which all the other instincts proceed, is, according to M. Martini, the impulse and the object of all

the passions. In conclusion, he endeavours to shew how each of them may receive a direction leading to happiness.

Tunbridge Wells.—The Messrs. Braham (so universally known for their many ingenious inventions and useful and scientific improvements) have, we observe from a circular letter, undertaken to extend and increase the attractions and accommodations of Tunbridge Wells. Long a favourite resort of ours, we are glad to see this necessary task undertaken by such competent and able parties.

A French paper says, "The system employed throughout Austria for spreading instruction among the lower orders is attended with great success. In each village are schools, of which the masters are paid by government. No one is allowed to marry who cannot read, write, and shew some acquaintance with arithmetic; and, under a penalty, no master can employ a workman who is not able to read and write. Small works on moral subjects, written with great care, are circulated among the lower classes. Hence crimes are extremely rare; and in the course of a twelvemonth scarcely two executions take place at Vienna."

From a table published by the *Gazette des Cultes*, it appears that the bequests made to the clergy and ecclesiastical establishments of France, in real and personal property, during the four years, 1825, 1826, 1827, and 1828, amounted to 20,750,984 francs, of which 67,547 francs only were made to non-catholic establishments. During these four years the bequests to hospitals amounted to 17,263,505 francs; to communes, 2,966,833 francs; to the fine arts, 32,276 francs; to monts de piété, 9,300 francs. The department of the Seine alone figures for the clergy 2,488,257 francs; and for communes, 71,852 francs. It is shewn that in the departments which were the seats of the principal establishments of the Jesuits, the bequests were in an exorbitant proportion. Thus in those of the Somme and Vienne, where St. Acheul and Montmorillon are situated, the bequests during 1827 and 1828 were, in the former, 467,238 francs; and in the latter, 600,053 francs.

A tragedy, entitled *Marino Faliero*, by Thomas Zanli Sajani, has recently been published at Bastia in Corsica. It is in most parts similar to the *Marino Faliero* of Lord Byron, but differs in the catastrophe.

It is stated in a French paper, that the King of France, the Duke of Bourdeaux, and the Dauphin, have between them more than one hundred aides-de-camp, who receive pay as such; whereas the King of England has only two aides-de-camp, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria, one each.

Bavarian Silk.—Last year's cultivation of this material in Bavaria produced 366 pounds weight of cocoons, and thirty pounds of spun silk. For the support of the worms, 82,844 old mulberry trees are at hand, and 1,500,000 young plants in a thriving state.

Human Merit: Epigram.

With some their merit lies in what they've done;
With some that what they've done they have repented;

But the chief merit of a thousand to one
(Having none other, and, too, wishing none)
Is, that they are contented. S. W.

The Week.—The French Theatre ended its campaign on Friday the 19th, and we are sorry to learn that it has not been very successful. Perhaps greater variety was required—vaudevilles and light pieces—and the regular drama only when a more powerful and efficient company could be mustered.—Among the dramatic news, we are sorry to have to record the death

of poor Terry, on Tuesday last. He had been long a severe sufferer, and fell at last before a fatal attack of paralysis. The better portion of Mr. T.'s life was spent in Scotland, where he married Miss Nasmyth, the daughter and sister of the celebrated artist, and herself eminent as a landscape-painter. He was much esteemed, and long enjoyed the intimacy of Sir Walter Scott and the leading literati of that country.—Among our periodical contemporaries some changes are announced. The London Magazine has been bought by, for incorporation with, the New Monthly.—A sweet portrait of Mrs. Arbuthnot, engraved by Giller, after Lawrence, is already in our hands: it is to adorn the next Belle Assemblée.—Captain Ross sailed on the 13th from Stranraer, in his steamer; leaving behind him, however, the vessel which was intended to carry stores, provisions, &c.—A fine etching, by Burnet, of Wilkie's Chelsea Pensioners, was shewn by the Duke of Wellington to the company which his Grace entertained on the anniversary of Waterloo. This engraving promises to be a *chef d'œuvre*.—The Horticultural Fête of to-day, clouds and atmosphere favouring, bids fair to be a fine entertainment, as indeed it ought to be, agreeably to the prices paid. We are not of the grumbling class, nor much inclined to find fault with the doings of the world; but the means by which the cost of the tickets for this show has been doubled, seem to us very unworthy of a respectable Society. Unintentionally, no doubt, looking at the character of the managers, the vouchers for tickets to members were so inexpensive and so loosely worded, that many, with these in their possession, were not aware of the limit of time applied not to their sending in their requests, but to the future exchange of one sort of cards for another. To their surprise, when they came to understand this, they found, that for the pleasure of having kept half a dozen tickets (called orders for delivery of the other tickets of admission) in their pocket a few days, they were charged two guineas instead of one!! Such an imposition on the members for such a mistake, arising out of the committee's own want of plain-dealing, must, we fear, excite feelings very injurious to the Institution, both with regard to its fêtes and to its general interests.—The meeting of the Melodists on Thursday (the last but one of the season), was well attended, and went off with great éclat. Braham was encoined in one of his songs; and Nicholson's flute was another of the lions of the evening.—Mr. Jefferoy's editorship of the Edinburgh Review ceases, we hear, with No. 98, when Mr. Maovey Napier takes up the task.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Sir Walter Scott.—A review in *Le Globe* of a work recently published under the title of "Soirées de Walter Scott à Paris, recueillies et publiées par M. P. L. Jacob," commences in the following lively manner:—"They who are not engaged in literary commerce are not aware how important it is to the success of a work that its title should be striking, new, and well-chosen. Many a clever work has been sacrificed by a bad title; and many a stupid work has a good title saved. Publishers have a marvellous talent in this respect. Even the typographical composition of the title is occasionally full of skill. For instance, is some old translation reprinted, to which a learned man of the present day has merely added a few brief notes!—the name of the translator disappears in imperceptible characters, while that of the annotator glares in magnificent capitals. A man of talents, enamoured with our elder language, and who loves to clothe his thoughts in the phraseology of Marot and Rabelais,—who delights in the freedom of our ancient fabulists, and whose pen is not prurish, throws on paper various whims of his fancy. These essays he wishes to publish. A bookseller soon forms of them a thin octavo. But a title is requisite:—a title that is not common. So many 'Historical and Dramatic Sketches' have appeared, that the public are quite tired of them. Of Walter Scott

alone they are not yet tired. The author must therefore put the name of Walter Scott to his book. How is that to be done? The purchaser sees on the back of the binding, 'Walter Scott à Paris.' That excites his curiosity. He reads in the false title, 'Soirées de Walter Scott.' Where did they take place? At Paris or at Abbotsford? That agitates him. Then he reads in the title itself, 'Soirées de Walter Scott à Paris.' Mind how the interest gradually advances;—and, after all, is it not delightful to find that there is not a single word about Walter Scott in the whole volume!

Mr. Sharpe's new periodical work, under the title of the Three Chapters, is about to issue from the press, containing, besides essays, criticism, biography, and a picture of manners and society, a portion of the Anniversary, together with one of the plates, so as to form the work complete at the end of a year as a Midsummer annual: this constitutes one of the Chapters. The second and third, in a similar manner, are to form two separate volumes at the same period.

The Life of Dr. Richard Bentley, by Dr. Monk, Dean of Peterborough, is expected next season; and is reported to contain much literary information, collected from original sources, so as to form a history of the University of Cambridge for a period of forty years.

The eleventh volume of the Works of Lord Bacon, edited by Mr. Basil Montagu, is on the eve of publication. In the Press.—A revised edition of the Life and Works of Richard Hooker; with an introduction, additional Notes, and portrait engraved by E. Finden, after Holiar.—The second volume of the Extractor.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Smith's Medical Witnesses, fcp. 8vo. 5s. bds.—Medical Transactions, Vol. XV. Part I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Shepherd's Poems, fcp. 8vo. 6s. bds.—Harzian Dairy Husbandry, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Brown's Italian Tales, &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Bucke's Classical Grammar of the English Language, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Head's North America, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Mawe's Journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Castle's Botany, 12mo. coloured, 12s. 6d. bds.—The Chelsea Pensioners, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—King's Life of Locke, 4to. 2l. 2s. bds.—The Indian Chief, 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 18	From 48. to 64.	29.78 to 29.96
Friday... 19	— 45. — 69.	29.96 Stationary
Saturday... 20	— 49. — 73.	29.96 to 29.83
Sunday... 21	— 55. — 75.	29.74 Stationary
Monday... 22	— 53. — 69.	29.76 Stationary
Tuesday... 23	— 55. — 75.	29.77 to 29.60
Wednesday 24	— 56. — 76.	29.92 — 29.91

Wind variable, prevailing S.W. and S.E.
Generally clear, except the 19th and 22d, when it was raining.

Rain fallen, 1 inch.
Edmonton.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Belzoni Family.—The deep interest we always took in the fate of Belzoni induces us to publish the following extract from the letter of a distinguished literary character, respecting his remaining relatives—in the hope that it may interest the humane and charitable, and the unhappy mother of the celebrated traveller Giovanni Belzoni, not yet recovered from the sorrow which she felt for his death, in Africa, in the year 1823, has very recently lost her two surviving sons—Domenico, who died on the 9th, and Francesco, who died on the 12th of January, 1829. The distress of five young children and the widow left by Domenico, has placed the grandmother in the greatest affliction, who, herself nearly eighty years of age, has no means of relieving them. This grandmother now humbly and earnestly begs, on account of her grandchildren, the assistance of that generous and humane people who so nobly patronised her son in all his attempts to make useful discoveries. To this we have only to add, that Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, has kindly volunteered to receive subscriptions, and to pass them to the persons for whom they are intended.

Mr. Fenton's poem is of too religious a cast for our miscellaneous pages.

. Though we have given so much of our Review in this Gazette to fresh and striking novelties, we have been compelled to postpone others equally interesting. We have the pleasure to say that "the Subaltern's" Chelsea Pensioners (which we noticed weeks ago) has, after too long delay, appeared; and is now gratifying the public generally. The first Part of Dr. Richardson's Fauna Boreali-Americana is also in our hands;—an able and pleasing production. Lieutenant Maw's Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic down the Amazon River, is another new book, full of curious matter; and Kever's Norway, &c. worthy of our early attention.

ADDENDUM.—Of the officers alluded to in our notice of Captain Owen's African expedition, Mr. Vidal is now Captain Vidal, on half pay; Captain Lechmere, who served as a volunteer, died of fever at Delagoa, in November 1822; Watkins, a midshipman, died of fever, December 1822, at Delagoa; Rogers, at present at Fernando Po, with Captain Owen; Williams, a midshipman, died at Mahé, one of the Seychelles, January 1825; Mr. Forbes, a botanist attached to the expedition, died at Senna, September 1823.

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